

# The Sketch

No. 1396—Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



WITH BUTTERFLY ON ARM: MRS. HERBERT JULIAN CARNDUFF.

Mrs. Herbert Julian Carnduff, who is launching the new fashion of the butterfly-adorned arm, is the wife of Lieutenant H. J. Carnduff, R.N., only son of the late Hon. Sir Herbert William Cameron Carnduff, C.I.E.,

and of Lady Carnduff. Before her marriage last year, Mrs. Carnduff was Miss Nina Iris Grahame-Chambers. She is the daughter of Major Grahame-Chambers, R.A.F.—[*Photograph by Elwin Neame.*]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

#### "H. B." Off the Stage.

H. B. Irving, for all his somewhat terrifyingly distinguished appearance, was one of the simplest souls I ever knew. The first time I met him was at an evening party in London—a small and intimate evening party. He had discovered a lounge seat in an obscure alcove, and was lying well back, hemmed in from either side by an adoring female.

It occurred to me that there had been, perhaps, enough of that, and I therefore suggested a game of charades, and despatched a beautiful young actress to secure "H. B." for our side. She succeeded and brought him out to the hall for the usual conference. I forget what word we selected, but I remember the first syllable we enacted was "bridge." So the four of us sailed into the room, and sat round a table and conducted a burlesque game of bridge.

"H. B." was deliciously funny—not actively funny, but funny because it was incongruous for a man with that head and those classic features and that tremendously aloof air—which he could not help and did not in the least mean—to be playing a simple parlour-game and inventing preposterous dialogue as he went along.

Almost the last time I met him was in the Strand. It was when things were bad in all the theatres—before he went to the Admiralty. He had, in fact, just been putting up the notice for his last play at the Savoy.

As we walked along the Strand towards Charing Cross, a dray passed us, and the drayman's very dirty old cap blew off into the roadway. "H. B.," without a moment's hesitation, dashed after it, and stood amidst the traffic with the dirty old cap in his hand—such a contrast with his own famous headgear—smilingly awaiting the grateful drayman. It was a characteristic and absolutely un-self-conscious act.

#### And On It.

The last time of all that I met him was late at night in a famous Bohemian club. I was just leaving, and he had just come in. I don't know why; I had never seen him there before, and he was not a member. We had a brief chat, and he told me he was hoping to revive before long "The Sin of David." I must have raised my eyebrows, for he added, rather hastily, "You liked it."

"Yes, I did," I replied; "but in these times—! It's very gloomy."

"Yes," he admitted, "it is gloomy."

He once told me that he wanted to find a play with which he could

go round the world. "And then," he added, "one need never act again."

The words gave me a shock, for the English stage is not too rich in actors who are at once scholars, gentlemen, and distinguished personalities.

However, the latter part of his wish has come true.

#### The Cheerful Doctor.

Any doctor will tell you that one of the best ways to avoid influenza is to keep cheerful, not to think about it, not to worry, not to be morbid, and so

forth. It is rather splendid, therefore, to find a medical officer of health, at a meeting of the Royal Sanitary Institute, assuring his colleagues, and through them the Press and the world, that we shall probably have another epidemic of influenza this winter, attended by "great mortality."

In answer to certain questions, he said he did not consider influenza would be as bad this year as last year, but it was coming. He did not think an attack last year would be much protection for this year.

If anybody can point out the value of these remarks to the general public, I will take off my hat to the garrulous doctor in question. "An attack last year will not be much protection for this year." Well, what are we to do about that? Is that intended to keep us cheerful, and to prevent our worrying and being morbid and thinking about influenza?

A prognostication of impending influenza is quite enough to start an epidemic.

#### The Funereal English.

It is Sunday morning. The sun is shining, shining with all his might. Little boats are dancing up and down on the sparkling sea. The autumn leaves are changing from green to yellow.

But I do wish that the hundreds of nice folk parading in the sunshine did not feel compelled, because the month happens to be October, to array themselves in black. I can see them as I write—hundreds and hundreds of dear souls quite ready for any funeral that chances to wend this way. And now a school of girls comes along—a funereal crocodile, with young and eager hearts in every black link of it!

I do wish the charming public would indulge themselves in light and gay clothes when the sun is on the sea.



MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY: MR. H. O. NEVETT, M.C., AND THE HON. MRS. NEVETT.

Mr. H. O. Nevett, M.C., R.F.A., was married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, last week, to the Hon. Evelyn Kitson, second daughter of Lord and Lady Airedale. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, Lord and Lady Airedale, the best man and bridesmaids.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

#### NOTE TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS: SOCIETY SNAPSOTS.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to receive amateur photographs of Society house-parties, shoots, and social events generally, with a view to publication. All photographs submitted should be fully titled. All used will be paid for liberally. Snapshots should be addressed to The Editor, "The Sketch," Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, as quickly as possible after the event.



## UNMUZZLED FOR ONCE: CHAMPIONS OF THE TERRIER WORLD.



CHAMPION WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER: MRS. B. LUCAS' HIGHCLERE RHALET.



HOLDER OF FIVE FIRSTS AND A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE: MR. R. MOZLEY'S CARMINETTA.



WITH THE CAIRN TERRIER BANSHEE: MRS. FLOWER.



BEST OF THE SCOTTISH: MRS. E. D. QUICKE'S TATTENHAM TREASURE.



WITH LYNDHURST TANDY: THE HON. MRS. GERALD LASCELLES.



HOLDER OF ONE FIRST AND FOUR SECOND PRIZES: MR. C. VICCAR'S BROCC OF MERCIA.



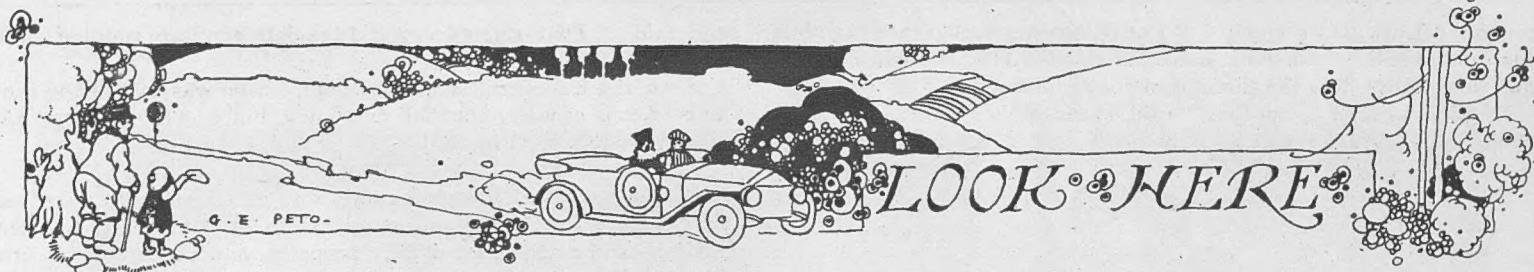
A RESERVE CHAMPION: MISS E. SHEPHERD'S LESDON TRUMP.

There was an individual entry of just over 200 at the postponed show of sporting terriers which took place last week at the Skating Rink, Holland Park. Our photographs show some prize-winners and competitors. Mrs. Bernard Lucas' Highclere Rhalet shared the honours of the White West Highland class with Mr. C. Viccar's Charming of

Chaldwick. Bull-terriers were championed by the Newmarket dog Bing Boy, and the best of the bitches was Mr. R. Mozley's Carminetta, which folds five firsts, one second, and a challenge certificate. Mrs. E. D. Quicke's Tattenham Treasure was, with Mr. A. G. Cowley's Albourne Beetle, the best of the Scottish.

Photographs by S. and G.





MARIEGOLD was waving a flame-coloured feather. She was waving it to show us just why Mrs. Winston Churchill's back-handers at the Queen's Club tennis tournament did not always come off.

"She does the next best thing to winning," said Mariegold; "she looks like a winner! She always strikes me as having the figure of the ideal public-schoolboy—translated into the feminine, of course, but the figure of an athlete, all the same. Plus the eyes," added Mariegold meaningly.

"What about them?" asked her brother.

"Green!" said Mariegold; "or something equally original. I'm never very sure when it comes to putting a name on eyes. But they are a colour you won't find in any optician's book of patterns, if they keep such things. And Winston was never able to match them in oil-paint—when he painted portraits, you know."

"She's another *fille aux yeux d'or*, perhaps," said the brother.

"Where on earth? I thought your French was limited to 'napoo' and 'très bonne.'" laughed Mariegold.

"Mrs. Romilly went down, too, at the Queen's Club," said Mariegold, "and she's another of those people who have the consolation of looking like champions, though not quite such an invincible one as Mrs. Winston. I suppose they both get something of

"Oh, don't labour the point, and then camp on it," said Mariegold. "We're not all Lady Lovats, I know."

"And can't all make Love At First Sight marriages," said her brother very cruelly, for Mariegold has been engaged more than once, and for long, long months at a time.

"No invitations are being issued, but all friends will be welcome in the church—that always meant a church full of strangers," said Mariegold. "It's about time our mothers realised the war's over, and broke with that 'no invitations' stunt. Anyway Lady Aire-dale had a wedding luncheon for her daughter Enid last week—an early wedding at eleven, and then an adjournment to Cadogan Square for salmon and 'cham.'"

"And then, the next day, also in Cadogan Square, 'all friends' were invited for the reception after the Hon. Moira de Yarburch-Bateson's marriage to Mr. Fullerton. Not quite the same sort of feed as at the other house, because the marriage wasn't till half-past two. But it all shows that weddings are being taken seriously again."

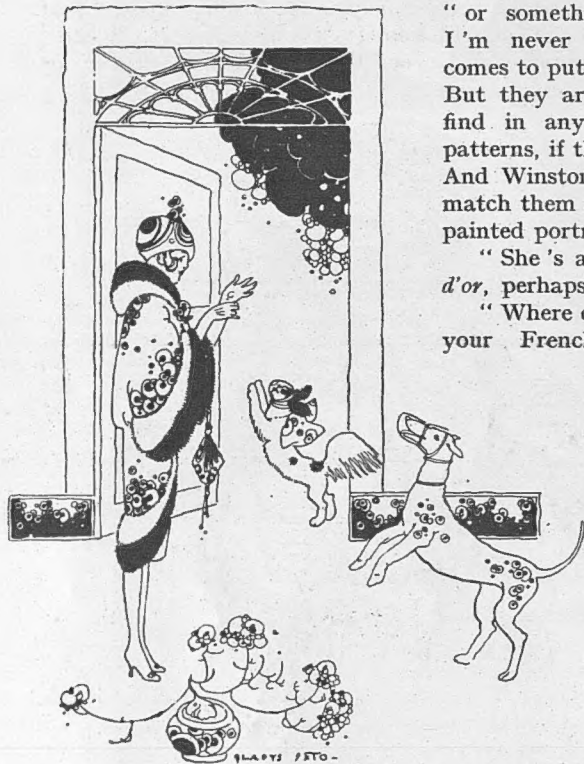
"You know the Hon. Moira's wedding was moved on—or back, rather—at the last moment," Mariegold went on, "so that she had three days less for shopping and all that sort of thing. Imagine three days knocked off one's old life, and three days added to one's new life, almost without warning. It sounds nothing, but of such things the real adventures and sensations of life are made up!"

"Miss Huth Jackson is engaged to Captain Hobhouse," I said.

"I expected you to tell us about it," said Mariegold. "It's just like you to put Huth-Jacksons and Hobhouses at the top of your conversational programme. Grave, important, Right Honourable, first-class 'Varsity Honours, Bank of England sort of people."

"I never hear the name of Hobhouse without thinking of Lord Kitchener," said Mariegold's brother. "You remember Miss Hobhouse kept a very severe eye on the concentration camps and other such doings in South Africa, so that the Army looked upon her as a Holy Terror. Afterwards, when somebody suggested to Kitchener that he should take on the War Office—years before he really did—all he said was, 'I'd sooner marry Miss Hobhouse.'"

"She did great work, nevertheless, my young friend,"



1. Angela is going for a walk this morning; the darling dogs are going, too.

that conquering air from Lady Blanche Hozier, whom I used to see when I was a little girl, airing her dogs in Portman Square. I remember I used to think that there was some horrid mistake—that she, who was so queenly, was really the Queen, and that Victoria was probably Lady Blanche pretending."

"Oh, that was in your golliwog days," said her brother; "and I don't believe either you or Lady Blanche has changed very much in the interval. Instead of swinging golliwog by his near hind-leg, you flourish that absurd and eccentric feather."

"Not at all eccentric," answered Mariegold. "I am only a poor plagiarist, quite three days behind the fashion. I saw the brother of this fan in Grace Crawford's hand the other night, and I'm trying to use it as cleverly as she used hers. Besides, Paris has had them for weeks and weeks. You might as well call Lady Duff Gordon's Russian boots absurd and eccentric—so 'snubbed, squashed, and sat upon,' as my small niece said to me the other day when I took her to tea at Buszard's—from her polite school in Cavendish Square."

"You were young yourself once," said Mariegold's brother.

"And well behaved," said Mariegold. "Can you remember me ever putting out my tongue at those Hozier girls, for instance! We were all well behaved in those days. Look!" she said, pointing to a photograph of a Sargent portrait, "look at that excellent little girl, with a dress that covers her ankles—Laura Lister that was, aged about six, now Lady Lovat. Doesn't she look a good little girl?"

"Yes, and an exceptional little girl," said Mariegold's brother. "You know she's grown up to be one of the most beautiful people going. Well, perhaps if you had been as good as she was, you would have grown up to be—"



2. Having reached the Park, Angela perceives her most detested friend, Miss Kitten Cattle, and takes cover forthwith.



3. Kitten Cattle discovers her friend. "Darling Kitten," cries Angela, "how glad I am to see you!"



answered Mariegold severely. "But Kitchener was rather proud of his bachelorhood; his only weakness was his blue-and-white china, and he couldn't bear the thought of a wife dusting it!"

"Jacky Fisher's another," said Mariegold's brother, who's in the Navy. "'Him marry, why he'd sooner 'ug a torpedo!' is

and said: 'That reminds me; I've left the tap running in the scullery!'"

"Or the Irishman," said Mariegold, "who was told of the thousands of tons of water that fall every day, but who didn't gasp: 'And whoi wouldn't it?' he said."

"The new Lord Portman comes into an interesting estate," said I; "there's the Square, and one house in it particularly his own—No. 22—and a whole lot of W.I. property, and the new Elizabethan place at Bryanston."

"But it's dull, I think, compared with the new Lord Astor's inheritance," said Mariegold. "His father made riches romantic. Few men could have owned so much of New York and so much of London, and yet remained so aloof; a man of the Middle Ages, who wrote about Sforza, and yet owned two great modern newspapers! The little bronze ship on the top of his office on the Embankment typifies him for me; he was an Elizabethan with the perfect modern manners of the best sort of American; a *Mayflower* re-cast."

"He was the most silent of all the millionaires," I said.

"And yet he could talk well in three languages," said Mariegold. "But, generally, I agree, he was silent. I have often pictured him lately in my mind's-eye—a great lonely figure leaning against that Borghese balustrade he brought from Italy and set up at Cliveden, or behind his drawbridge at Hever—Waldorf really walled-off, as



4. "I'm going to such a lovely dance to-night," purrs Kitten, "at 1243 Mayfair—in aid of Indigent Aristocrats. I wish I could get you a ticket, but it's very exclusive."

the Lower Deck's refined way of putting it. By the way, how pleased Fisher must be about Percy Scott's club encounter," went on the young man. "Somebody went up to Scott and said, 'Is Jacky mad?' He had been reading some of the Fisherisms in the *Times*, about a new sea-port in Ireland, and new railways and tubes. That's just what pleases Fisher most. Call him mad because of some scheme of his, and he'll back it through thick and thin, on the principle that most good schemes have been called mad in the beginning."

"When you've quite done talking shop," said Mariegold wearily.

"As we were saying before my brother became technical," she continued, "the Hobhouses are very worthy and very interesting at the same time—a none too-common combination."

"And Miss Huth-Jackson," she went on, "is called Konradin, which sounds much more like Russian ballet than Bank of England, which is, so to say, her father's quite promising little business."

"A Director," I corrected.

"And he, too, is a mixture," ran on the irrepressible Mariegold, "a sort of double-life business—in the morning runs the Bank of England, in the evening a most delectable dance in Rutland Gate; one day a bank-clerk in the City—"

"A Director," I corrected.

"—the next a most lavish host at Cross-in-Hand in Sussex, or at the Maison du Diable, Aix-les-Bains—both queer names, like Konradin's!"

Mariegold's brother had just come back from Oxford, where he had been visiting a brother at Worcester College.

"Lys is Provost now," he said. "You remember Lys, and Mrs. Lys, who used to break hearts, unintentionally, and give us tea in Worcester Cottage. I can see their pretty cottagey rooms now, with their mellow Morris wall-papers. And young Earp, the poet, is President of the Union Society. Well, I'm blowed. How these poets do come along; the Blues haven't a chance against them. The Magdalen people are still quite keen about the Prince. They were telling some of the old Niagara stories apropos. Somebody there had just heard that he was quite impressed, unlike the lady from Buffalo who saw it for the first time, and gasped



5. "Good heavens!" cries Kitten, "there are those terrible Proffeteins—no one knows them. Good-bye—wish you were coming to-night."

if his name had controlled his destiny! It would almost frighten me to be the second Lord Astor—I should feel so very, very secondary!

"Not that the new Astor is not a distinguished man," she went on. "I need not tell you how much Westminster and Fleet Street respect him. Besides, he has the advantage of Lady Astor, so that one can never think of *him* as a great, solitary figure. Yes, after all," she continued, "I was wrong about not wanting to be the second Viscount Astor. I would rather be the second, with Lady Astor in St. James's Square, than go on leaning solitary and rather tragic against the Borghese balustrade at Cliveden."

"I thought you were going to make arrangements about an evening at Ciro's, instead of preaching about a bally balustrade from Borghese, or made of Borghese, if that's better," said Mariegold's brother; "what about to-morrow night?"

"If you're quick you *may* do it," said Mariegold; "but it's a case of ringing them up early in the morning, before you take me to the Academy, and to Charlie Tharp's exhibition in Green Street. Good landscapes, I'm told—as good as Wilson Steer's."

"You're a queer bird," said her brother. "Why on earth you've got to do war memorials and Ciro's on one day passes me. Besides, I never did like landscapes! But I'll take you on one condition: leave that cockaloo fan thing of yours at home—in the umbrella-stand."



6. "How do you do?" says Mrs. Proffetein, as she waylays Angela. "We're giving a dance to-night in aid of the Indigent Aristocrats—at 1243 Mayfair—won't you accept a ticket?"



# THE LADIES' "VICTORY" FOURSOMES: GOLF AT RANELAGH.



AT THE SHORT 8TH: MISS E. GRANT-SUTTIE.



THE FINALISTS: (L. TO R.) MRS. THURGOOD AND MRS. CROSS (WINNERS), MISS ROBERTSON, MRS. HENDERSON (RUNNERS-UP).



AT THE SECOND TEE: MISS E. LEITCH.



WITH HER HUSBAND AS CADDIE: MRS. TURNBULL (MISS PEGGY LEITCH) LOOKING FOR HER BALL.



AFTER MRS. THURGOOD HAD DRIVEN INTO THE STREAM: SPECTATORS "FISHING" FOR THE BALL.



IN THE BIG BUNKER BEFORE THE 15TH: LADY AUDRY.



BEATEN (WITH HER SISTER) BY THE WINNING PAIR: MISS CECIL LEITCH.

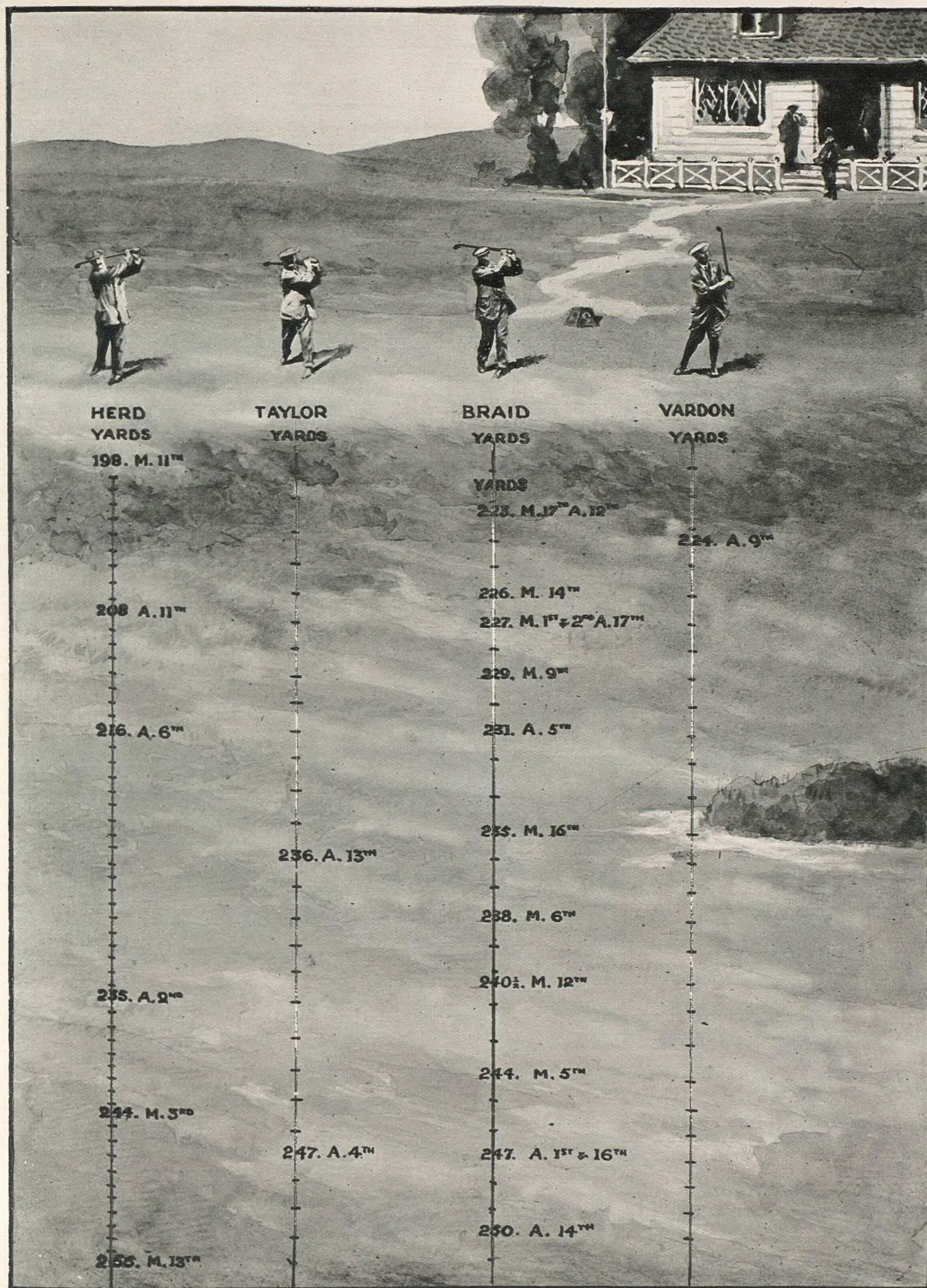


THE WINNER OF THE GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS AUDREY CROFT DRIVING.

The ladies' "Victory" Foursomes golf handicap, which began at Ranelagh on Monday of last week, ended on Thursday in a win for Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Thurgood, who beat Mrs. Henderson and Miss M. Robertson in the final by 2 up and 1 to play. The winners had in the first round defeated Miss Cecil Leitch and her sister, Mrs. Turnbull,

by 5 and 4. Another of the famous Leitch sisters, Miss Edith Leitch, was also disposed of in the first round, she and Miss E. Paull being beaten by Mrs. Lewis Smith and Mrs. Church Bliss. Miss Audrey Croft, it will be remembered, recently won the Girls' Championship, and gives promise of great things.



HOW FAR DO YOU DRIVE? THE GREAT FOUR'S DRIVES.

## CHAMPION GOLFERS AND THEIR LENGTH OF DRIVE: INTERESTING MEASUREMENTS AT SANDY LODGE.

While the four leading golf professionals, James Braid, Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and Alec Herd, were playing at Sandy Lodge recently, their drives were measured. In the morning they were engaged in medal play, Vardon and Taylor being partners against Braid and Herd, and in the afternoon the same partners played in a four-ball match. The

best drives to each of 12 measured holes are shown in the above diagram, in which the letters M and A stand for "morning" and "afternoon," followed by the number of the hole. The averages were (Morning) Braid, 230½ yds.; Herd, 221; Vardon, 213; Taylor, 203. (Afternoon) Braid, 225; Taylor, 212½; Vardon, 211; Herd, 205½.





PRINCESS MARY is a good rider, and people are wondering whether the King's only daughter will hunt this winter.

Her eldest brother has already declared his intention of doing so, and if his sister does not follow his example, it won't be for want of will. Princess Mary is, to use common slang, a real good sportsman. Probably the fact that she is one amongst so many brothers has a great deal to do with it, for the Royal Family is a very united one, and Princess Mary has, whenever practicable, shared her brothers' pursuits.

*Beauty and Brains.* The great and growing influence of women in the republic of letters was illustrated at the "Victory" dinner of the Society of Women Journalists, held recently. As a guest, I hesitate to criticise, but the after-dinner speeches left a good deal to be desired, and more than one woman present frankly remarked that the time

has gone by for lumbering compliments to the woman writer.

#### *Brave Burnham.*

Lord Burnham is a brave man. It does require a good deal of courage, doesn't it? for a man, and a newspaper proprietor at that, to get up publicly and suggest to women earning their living by their pens that it is inadvisable for them to expect or ask for the same salaries as men. There were one or two male guests present who seemed to be under the delusion that the efforts of newspaper women are still confined to "dress"

#### ENGAGED TO MR. C. E. H. LLOYD: MISS MOLESWORTH ST. AUBYN.

Miss Guinevere May (Jenefer) St. Aubyn is the only daughter of Sir Hugh Molesworth St. Aubyn, Bt., of Pencarrow, Cornwall, and Tetcott, N. Devon. Her engagement to Mr. Charles E. H. Lloyd, only son of Mr. E. Honoratus Lloyd, K.C., and Mrs. Lloyd, of 22, Cadogan Gardens, has just been announced.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*

subjects and "Society" paragraphs. But Lord Burnham knows better, and the younger and more ardent spirits were far from agreeing with his remarks.

*Bright and Breezy.* At the moment of writing it seems possible that another woman may try her luck as a candidate for the House of Commons, so elegantly referred to as a "charnel-house" by a contemporary the other day. Well, if the wife of the new Lord Astor succeeds in writing "M.P." after her name, she can be guaranteed to introduce new life in the driest of bones. Imagine the electrifying effect on honourable members of being suddenly accused of asking "idiotic questions," however justified the query, or of finding themselves addressed as "villains" and told to "shut up," by the only member in petticoats. No doubt Lady Astor would learn to clothe her thoughts in words of exceeding dullness soon enough, but as she has been known to make use of expressions like those quoted, in public, it's conceivable that, in the beginning at any rate, a record of her Parliamentary career would be amusing to the public, and instructive to her fellow-members. In spite of his "British" nationality—he was naturalised in 1899—the late

Lord Astor remained typically American—probably never more so than in his restoration of Hever Castle to something resembling its pristine state, with appropriate surroundings, and in what appears

to have been his fixed conviction that, given money, you can buy anything. His appearance in peer's robes worn over an ordinary grey suit, with boots, a red tie, and a coronet, at the time of the House of Lords controversy, was widely commented on at the time, for Lord Astor used to be a prominent figure in Society, and there are those who still remember wonderful, regardless-of-expense entertainments on a scale of American lavishment given at his then London house in Carlton House Terrace. During the war the late peer proved himself a generous supporter of war charities, and his baronetcy, dating from 1916, was regarded as being in the nature of a reward for services rendered. His viscounty came a year later. No one will be more grieved at Major Waldorf Astor's elevation to the rank of Viscount than the House of Commons. The Member for Plymouth was a joy to behold, his suits were a dream, his manner urbanity itself, and he was always at his best when answering questions which, to the mere onlooker, appeared merely unnecessary. Major

Waldorf Astor's answers always conveyed the impression that the speaker was deeply interested in the subject, and, if he did occasionally make his interlocutor "feel a fool," as they say in ordinary speech, the inquirer would be the last person to bear malice for reproof so charmingly conveyed.

#### *Making Sure.*

If you notice an even greater number of women than usual trying to look (without being noticed) at themselves in the shop-windows and mirrors down Bond Street, do not imagine that they are anxious about a possible stray lock of hair, or have doubts on the shininess or otherwise of their noses. They will, in all probability, be wondering whether by any stretch of imagination, their figure corresponds to the "slim, petite and dainty" ideal set by Dr. Joel Goldthwait, America's physical-training expert. It's rather a blow for the apostles of athletics for women to be so plainly told that the modern muscular Juno is a "wash-out"; but at least they have the consolation of knowing that, compared with the Venus de Milo, the "Miss" of to-day would stand a better chance as a model than a short, and, according to present-time standards, too well-developed woman. It sounds blasphemous, but the theory of being "too short" and "too well-developed" is propounded by Mr. J. St. Helier Lauder, not by me.



#### ENGAGED TO MR. CYRIL C. CUBITT, M.C.: MISS GLADYS CRAKE.

Miss Gladys Louisa Violet Crake, whose marriage to Mr. Cyril C. Cubitt, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Count and Countess Riccardi Cubitt, of Eden Hall, Edenbridge, Kent, will take place on Nov. 10, is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Barrington Crake, and the late Major E. Barrington Crake, Rifle Brigade.

*Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.*



#### ENGAGED TO MAJOR F. E. BRAY: THE HON. RUTH SCARLETT.

The Hon. Ruth Scarlett is the only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Leopold J. Y. C. Scarlett, Scots Guards, late of Parkhurst Abinger, Surrey, and of Mrs. Scarlett, of Penenden House, Maidstone, and is the sister of the present Lord Abinger. Her engagement to Major Francis Edmond Bray, M.C., T.D., 1-5th the Queen's Regiment, youngest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Bray, of the Manor House, Shere, Surrey, has been announced.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*



#### ENGAGED TO A GRENADIER GUARDSMAN: MISS MARGERY BACON.

Miss Margery Bacon, whose engagement to Captain Charles S. Rowley, Grenadier Guards, only surviving son of Sir Joshua T. Rowley, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Rowley, has just been announced, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bacon, of Raveningham Hall, Norfolk. —[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]



# IN SIGHT OF THE ALTAR: SOME NOTABLE ENGAGEMENTS.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR SEYMOUR :  
MISS EVELYN MATTINSON.



A SISTER-IN-LAW FOR LADY PATRICIA  
RAMSAY : MISS A. ARBUTHNOT LESLIE.



ENGAGED TO COL. F. G. SPRING :  
MISS VIOLET TURNBULL.



TO MARRY MR. W. F. G. CAMP-  
BELL : MISS NOEL HUBBARD.



ENGAGED TO WING-COM. E. H.  
SPARLING : MISS S. THORN-DRURY.



ENGAGED TO COLONEL HEWLETT:  
MISS M. HOOD GREGORY.



ENGAGED TO MISS ARBUTHNOT LESLIE :  
THE HON. C. F. MAULE RAMSAY.



TO MARRY CAPT. A. J. EASTENE :  
MISS ELSIE LILIENFELD.

Miss Evelyn Mattinson, whose engagement to Major Montague H. Seymour, Gurkha Rifles, has been announced, is the only daughter of Mr. M. W. Mattinson, K.C.—Miss Noel Agnes Hubbard, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Arthur Hubbard, and of Mrs. Hubbard, is shortly to marry Mr. W. F. G. Campbell, District Commissioner of the British East African Protectorate.—Miss Madge Hood Gregory, daughter of the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hood Gregory, is engaged to Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hewlett, Central Indian Horse.—Miss

Aline Arbuthnot Leslie, whose marriage to the Hon. C. F. Maule Ramsay, M.C., has been announced, is the daughter of the late Mr. George Arbuthnot Leslie.—Miss Violet Turnbull, only child of Mr. A. Charles Turnbull, is engaged to Colonel F. G. Spring, C.M.G., D.S.O.—Miss Silvia Thorn-Drury is the daughter of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., and the fiancé of Wing-Commander E. Hayling Sparling.—Miss Elsie Lilienfeld, whose engagement to Captain A. J. Eastene has been announced, is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Lilienfeld.



# THE SECOND GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVAL: AT THE PRINCE'S.



IN "THE MOST LIGHT-HEARTED THING CONCEIVABLE": MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE AS IOLANTHE.

A visit to "Iolanthe," the second of the series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the Prince's Theatre, means an evening of sheer delight, and the reproduction of the opera has been described as "the most light-

hearted thing conceivable." Miss Nellie Briercliffe, who plays the lead, is delightful, and one leaves the theatre feeling that the hours have passed preposterously quickly.—[Photographs by Miss Compton Collier.]



## AT STUDIO-ON-SEA: THE NEW FASHIONABLE RESORT.



"ON LIGHTHOUSE CLIFFS": MISS ISOBEL ELSOM.

This photograph of Miss Isobel Elsom is her latest portrait. Her admirers, however, need not feel any anxiety as to the wisdom of her taking the sea-breezes in summer-kit just as the influenza weather is starting—as Miss Elsom wasn't really posed on the white cliffs of

England, but in a studio! The photograph is an excellent example of the effects which can be obtained by the new Elwin Neame method of indoor photography, by which you can be taken "anywhere you like" and yet in the studio.

*Picture-Photograph by Elwin Neame.*



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

WHILST the late Sirs William Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan are busily engaged at the Prince's Theatre in transporting young theatre-goers to the year 1885, M. Diaghileff is devoting himself at the Empire to the no less valuable undertaking of putting the terpsichorean clock back to the year 1913. You may sit in your seat (refraining, in accordance with the programme's polite request, as far as possible from smoking), and you may dream yourself back into the days before the bomb, the ration-book, and the universal cold, when there was at least peace on earth, even if the ill-conditioned activities of Sir Edward Carson and Miss Christabel Pankhurst led one sometimes to doubt the prevalence of goodwill among men.

Because the Russian Ballet is essentially a pre-war institution, in spite of its post-war popularity. Indeed, some of us would not be sorry to point this particular moral by inducing it to return to pre-war prices. However, *Vox populi, vox Di—aghileff*. Anyway, it is, barring the request about smoking, which tends to prey somewhat on the minds of the conscientious, a faultless entertainment. There is light and laughter and loveliness, and all those other alliterative things that authors of additional lyrics write about.

There is music to keep the high-brows quiet, and a sufficiency of that colour which the contemporary equivalents of the greenery-gallery Grosvenor Gallery gentry believe so fervently to be an end in itself.

Indeed, the Ballet's undoubted merits as an entertainment have sometimes been in danger of disappearing behind the solemn pother that some of these young people have made about it. Little, reverent statuettes, and large, expensive illustrated books are rather heavy luggage for a delightful but thoroughly ephemeral show to carry on its little back. The Advent of the Ballet was not a date in world-history. Aesthetics will not date from the Epiphany of M. Massine. But it is all very sufficiently bright and charming and full of cheerfulness. And what more do we all ask for?

"Children's Tales" is full of that not particularly engaging in-consequence which

is almost entirely incomprehensible without previous study of the synopsis—and that is death and destruction to one's enjoyment, because one is entirely occupied in thinking anxiously about what is coming next when one ought to be looking at what is happening on the stage. One may enjoy the thoroughly Muscovite caperings of M. Woizikovsky in the prelude, and the amiably undiabolical devils of the Baba-Yaga episode. But for the rest of it one is hopelessly at sea; and Sokolova's grimaces and the concealment of Idzikovsky's little legs in the furry recesses of that pantomime cat do little to atone for one's bewilderment.

Quite otherwise with "The Three-Cornered Hat." It has a simple tale to tell, and the story is danced out in that emphatically rhythmical Spanish style which is the real manner of the Spanish peasant, as we all learned from those heavy-footed, square-faced yokels at the Spanish Exhibition just before the war. The Spanish picture is, in spite of the Eighteenth Century flavour of the Governor and the Twenty-second Century perspective of the scenery, thoroughly Borrovan. The good man might dance on selling Bibles at any moment; and it would hardly surprise one to see the little Prosper Merimée come taking notes for "Carmen," although De Falla's music never attempts the Iberian heights which Bizet scaled.

The conduct of the orchestra under the conducting of Mr. Adrian Boult is as irreproachable as one would have expected it to be in the shadow of his benevolent bâton. That genial back (Christ Church Cathedral in every curve of it—except those severer parts that are more reminiscent of Westminster Abbey) lends an added joy to the whole performance; and the aquatic ministrations of the lady in the upper bar form one of the most touching episodes in the long roll of human devotion since the very similar activities of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen.

Of course, "Scheherazade" is the most frankly 1913 of the lot, and one felt, as one watched General Ashmore looking at it the other evening, that it was rather a case for the London Command than for the London Defences: Sir Francis Lloyd would surely have A.P.M.-ed it in the old days. But perhaps his corrective hand would have been stayed for a few instants by a sartorial sympathy with the centrally so contracted figure of M. Massine. Because that waist . . . those shapely trousers . . . such grace . . . there is, isn't there, a something?



APPEARING AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: Mlle. SINA AND MR. GHIRARDY.

London is still dancing-mad, and among the attractions at the Grafton Dance Club are the professional dancers who appear there. Our photograph shows Mlle. Sina and Mr. Ghirardy; the stage and ball-room dancers showing some of the new and elaborate steps in the latest dances.—[Photograph by Yvonne.]

little ladies who are determined to be up to date profess to enjoy as "so delightfully Russian." It is almost the only ballet in the Canon which, although thoroughly entertaining to watch,



SUGGESTED AS A POSSIBLE M.P.: THE NEW LADY ASTOR.

Lady Astor, wife of Viscount Astor, who has just succeeded his father, may be the first woman M.P., for the local Conservatives at Plymouth have been seriously considering an invitation to her to be their candidate at the coming by-election. Lady Astor, who was born in Virginia, is a great electioneer, endowed with immense energy and a gift for badinage and racy speeches from the platform, which qualities have served to endear her to the public, as well as her philanthropy. Lady Astor was before her marriage, in 1906, Mrs. R. G. Shaw, and is the daughter of Colonel Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, of Mirador, Greenwood, Virginia.

Photograph by C.N.



## TIME AND LEDOUX BEAT JIM DRISCOLL: A FINE FIGHT.



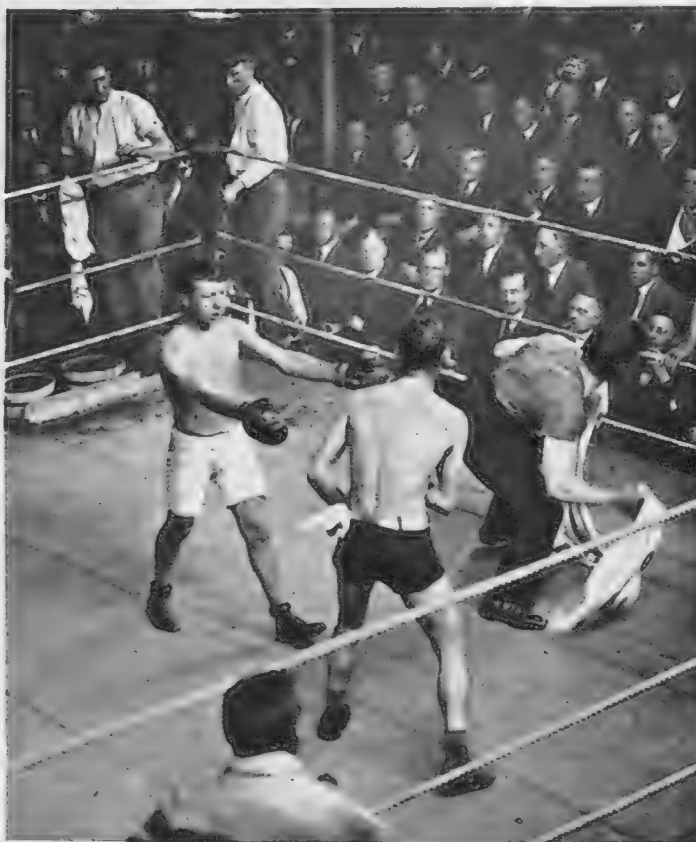
THE LEDOUX—DRISCOLL FIGHT: LEDOUX GOES DOWN FOR A SHORT COUNT.



LEDoux (ON THE LEFT) GUARDING A BLOW FROM DRISCOLL'S LEFT.



WALES V. FRANCE: DRISCOLL (RIGHT) TRIES A RIGHT SWING TO LEDOUX'S HEAD.



JUST AFTER DRISCOLL'S SECONDS THREW IN THE TOWEL: LEDOUX COMES UP TO SHAKE HANDS.

The fight between Charles Ledoux, of France, Bantam-Weight Champion of Europe, and Jim Driscoll, of Cardiff, the ex-Feather-Weight Champion, at the National Sporting Club on Monday of last week, was a fine display of clean and classic boxing. Jim Driscoll, who is 39, and 12 years older than his opponent, put up a splendid fight, and won

many rounds on points, but his age told against him. In the fifteenth round he got heavily punched, and in the sixteenth, for which he came up worn and tired, his seconds threw the towel into the ring. Ledoux also fought splendidly. Both men served in the war, and Driscoll did good work as an Army boxing instructor.

*Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.*



## OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES: A PARIS LETTER.

THEY say that the gaiety of Paris has returned. Anyhow, there are fogs—and elections! We have entered the period which was called by the Revolutionaries of 1789, and continues to be called by a few wild men to-day, Brumaire. "Brumaire" is a wonderfully well chosen name. They may have done many things badly, those Revolutionaries of 1789, but they did make a picturesque calendar. Brumaire is exactly right for the season of the year when the swollen Seine sends clouds of rolling mist, like a German poison-gas factory, over the city. It would be wrong to say that Paris ever experienced a real "London particular," but you must not suppose that you have a monopoly of fogs. As for the fog of words—well, the French variety of election confusion is ten times worse than the British!

We're all calling each other the most terrible names, for which in England there would be an unprecedented crop of libel actions.

"Traitor" is a comparatively mild expression—a gentle term of reproach uttered more in sorrow than in anger. Nearly always we declare that the other fellow is only fit for the *poteau d'exécution* at Vincennes (where Bolo expiated his crimes), and will be promptly despatched to the other world if honest citizens, who are neither Jews nor Freemasons, nor Atheists nor Bolsheviks, will give us their support. Curiously enough, "Boche" is not regarded as quite so terrible an insult now. The only people who really bring libel actions are actresses (it's a capital advertisement!); and one sweet young lady who was thoughtless enough to call a stage rival a "Boche" many months ago was then asked to pay £800 as a balm for the other dear young thing's wounded feelings. Time has passed, peace is made—and now, when the suit is revised, the damages are reduced to £80! As Germany's official representative, Von Lernser, has come to live among us, it may soon be rather complimentary than otherwise to be referred to as a Boche.

The elections, where everybody is trying to outbid each other and to outdo each other in abuse, remind me of the menagerie which I saw the other day at Montparnasse. The lions, which have been "resting" for so long, are renewing their performances nightly. The French showmen are, I think, ever so much more audacious than the English showmen; and I was not surprised to see outside one booth, where there was much beating of big drums, the following notice—

Come and see the ferocious lioness Saidra, the heroine of the terrible drama of Montmartre last week, where she inflicted thirty-two wounds on her trainer! Her trainer will again enter the cage of this untamed queen of the jungle!

After all, a lioness which is capable, while you are present, of inflicting thirty-two wounds—of mangling a man before your eyes—is worth seeing. The crowd rushed in; I hope they got their money's worth. I would have followed them if at that moment I had not heard a bigger din. I walked in the direction of the tam-tam, and saw on another booth—a rival booth—the hair-raising inscription—

Fiercest of them all! Here is to be seen in all his might the wild Hajar, the roaring lion who inflicted fifty-six wounds on his trainer!

I have no doubt that if I had looked a little longer I should have found a noble beast who had inflicted seventy-eight wounds on his

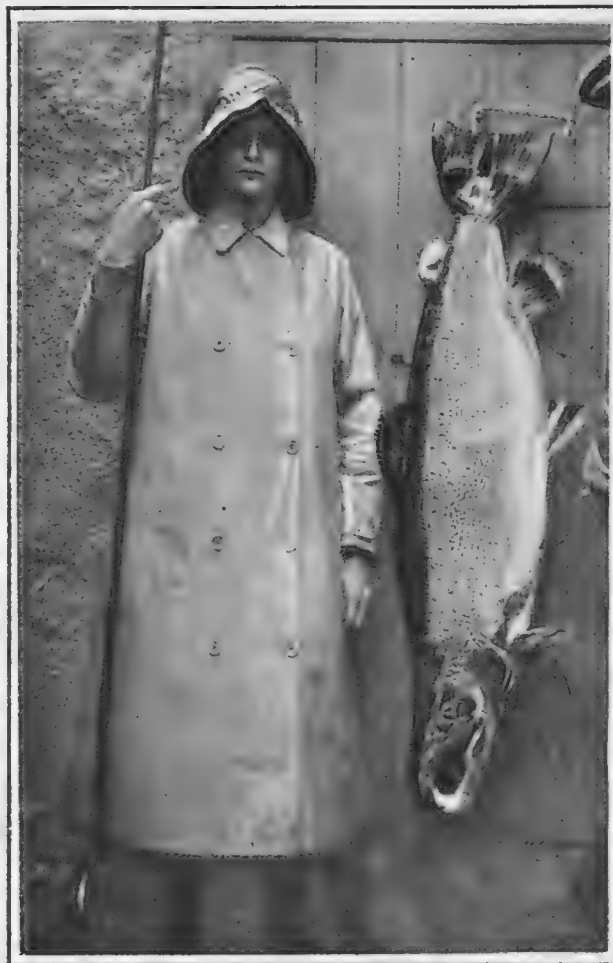
trainer in a single performance. Now, don't you think this is rather allegorical? The candidates may make a terrible noise, but I don't think that they really inflict as many wounds as they pretend.

Still, election meetings, though occasionally amusing and exciting, do not in the long run make for gaiety. They quickly pall upon you, and you are driven in search of that reckless night life which all the newspapers which reach me from England gravely assure me is to be found in Paris. No doubt, it is to be found if one goes to the sort of haunt into which only unsophisticated visitors with money to squander venture. But, believe me, Paris as a centre of midnight amusement is, so far, a frost. I have looked in at almost empty cafés, in which disgruntled waiters yawn, and a few night-birds—their feathers moulting—religiously play at the desperately joyful game of jacquet in solemn silence; and I cannot help thinking that, except for the little dancing-bars, the revelry

business is a wash-out. Yes, I will admit that there is dancing. My goodness, how we dance! Why, there are actually two theatres—the most popular theatres in the French capital—converted into big dancing-halls. Fancy, the Folies-Bergère and the Apollo—the latter run under the direction of Harry Pilcer, the partner of the Duke-abducting Gaby Deslys (I forgot: Gaby has denied the abduction)—with two performances a day; and both of them, performances in which the audiences are the performers!

That reminds me of the story which is being told of Harry Pilcer. So crowded is the city that it is almost impossible to find a room. Enter hurriedly into the hall of an hotel an English voyager with his hand-bag. "Have you a room?" he demanded almost savagely of Harry Pilcer, whom he took for the manager. "Oh, yes," said the latter. "Will you show it to me?" "Certainly, if you really wish it." "I do wish it—I have searched for four hours without seeing one." The apartment was duly exhibited to the traveller, who seemed exceedingly content. "And now," he said, "how much?" "Ah, that is a little too personal—you are pushing the pleasantry rather far," answered the genial Harry. "But I want to stay for three days!" snapped the visitor. "Oh, really; but you didn't say that—you asked me if I had a room. I have. You asked if you could see it. I did not object. But I can't give up my rooms even to be agreeable to you!"

The shortage of accommodation of any kind is almost as depressing as the fogs and the elections. Even those tiny and generally squalid hotels in which so many people make their homes for years (especially in the Quartier Latin where the students cannot contrive to set up a *ménage* in an unfurnished flat) charge ten or twelve francs a night—over £12 a month. Now, imagine the students of Murger's "Vie de Bohème" paying £12 a month for a single dingy room, containing a bed, a table, and a chair! As for flats, you might search for months without finding anything under 6000 francs a year. People are reduced to bribing undertakers to give them the first intimation of a possible change. They will walk behind a pantechicon for many miles in the hope that it may be going to the flat about to be deserted. And having given £4—the *denier à Dieu*—to the *concierge* to retain it for them, they will have the mortification to learn next day that somebody else has offered the *concierge* £8, or even as much as £20! SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



WITH HER 47-POUNDER: MISS PHYLLIS SPENDER-CLAY.

Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Spender-Clay, C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay, took about twenty minutes to land the 47-lb. salmon with which our photograph shows her. The fish was caught at Alt Dearg Pool, on the Spey, near Fochabers. The fly used was a Dallas on a 15-foot rod with a light line.

Photograph by Photopress.



## MUCH DISCUSSED: SOME OF THE NEW "McEVOYS."



MRS. RICHARD GUINNESS.



THE LADY ISLINGTON.



MR. AND MRS. ALAN PARSONS.

Mr. Ambrose McEvoy is, perhaps, the most popular Society portrait-painter of the day, and the list of his sitters includes nearly every beautiful, fashionable and well-known woman. Discussion as to his present method of—apparently—careless and unfinished work is rife. The

three examples of Mr. McEvoy's canvases shown on our page are taken from the pictures now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery. A witty paragraphist has already described the portrait of Miss Viola Tree and her husband as the Alan Parsons family "studying the milk bill"!

*Photographs by Paul Laib. (The copyright of the pictures is strictly reserved by the artist.)*



## SUBURBIA : SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN.—No. X.



THE LITTLE STRANGER.



*A New Series by Fontan: No. IX.*



PARFUM DE VIOLETTE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LFO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of the Reschal Galleries, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)



## HAREM FASHIONS : MOORISH DELIC



## A STRIKE MEETING WORTH ATTENDING

The production of "Afgar," at the London Pavilion, is a wonderful affair, and the glories of the East, as exemplified by Afgar's rather obstreperous company of wives, are very "fetching." Our top right-hand photograph shows Mlle. Alice Delysia, who plays Zaydee, head wife and strike leader.



# HT FROM THE LONDON PAVILION.



## NG! DISCONTENTED WIVES OF "AFGAR."

She is seen in the large centre photograph addressing an indignation meeting of discontented Harem houris. Belbali, the dancer, is played by Miss Mona Paiva, whose photograph is shown on the bottom left-hand side of our page.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



# VINOLIA

## *For Baby's Bath and Toilet*

Vinolia soothes the tender skin of the youngest child, so that after the evening bath each little one goes happily to bed with the fairies, sinking to gentle slumber.

Vinolia Toilet Preparations are so gentle that they might be aptly described as "*fit for the fairies.*"

There is a Vinolia product to meet every toilet requirement of baby or mother. Here are a few:—

- Vinolia Baby Soap.*
- Royal Vinolia Cream.*
- Vinolia Baby Powder.*
- Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder.*
- Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste.*
- Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream.*

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RV 359





"THE JEW THAT SHAKESPEARE DREW": AT THE COURT.



A REMARKABLE SHYLOCK: MR. MOSCOVITCH IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

It will be a very difficult thing for a mere Gentile to play Shylock after Mr. Moscovitch. He, being to the manner born, has all the gestures which no one who has not Semitic blood in his veins could have. His Shylock is not the poetical, dignified creation of Irving;

but "the Jew that Shakespeare drew." Mr. Moscovitch's acting is superb, and he manages to inspire sympathy for Shylock in spite of his repulsiveness, as he is the victim of an overwhelming passion—avarice—and it is only the passionless characters which are really antipathetic.

*Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*



## FREAKISH, BUT FASHIONABLE: AUTUMN MODELS FROM PARIS.



1. A VICTORIAN FASHION.

2. THE LATEST SILHOUETTE.

3. VELVET AND MONKEY.

4. SEEN AT THE RACES: A TAILOR-MADE.

5. IN VELVET: THE FOUR-DECKER SKIRT.

6. THE 1919 FIGURE: A NEW LINE.

7. STRIPED SIMPLICITY.

8. THE NAPOLEONIC "TRICORNE."

9. RIBBON IN ITS NEW FORM.

The sensations which Paris has recently provided in the dress world have roused a good deal of discussion, as "chic" and "charm" are not altogether synonymous at the moment—as our pictures show! Whether the Victorian flavour which modistes are trying to popularise

in the form of tight bodices, high necks, and flounced skirts will definitely "catch on" is a problem; and if many people will be bold enough to cultivate the new line in figures which our photographs illustrate is a distinctly moot point.—[Photographs by Séberger Frères.]



## MODERN ; BUT MODEST ! FROCKS AND FANCIES FROM PARIS.



1. THE BLACK LACE PANNIER : A BROCADE DINNER DRESS.

3. THE GOYA INFLUENCE : A HOOP-SKIRT MODEL.

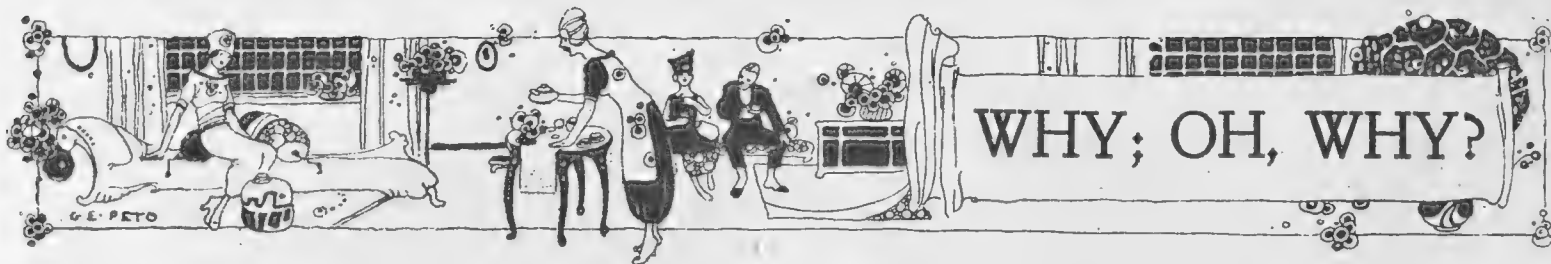
2. THE COVERED BACK : FASHION FLIRTS WITH MODESTY.

4. A NEW NOTE IN MILLINERY : SNOWY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

The latest weapons in Fashion's armoury combine modesty with "chic," as the well-covered dinner dresses, with their pannier skirts, show; but perhaps the most interesting note in fashion at the moment is the well-defined Goya influence shown by the hoop-skirted models,

with their Spanish line. The vogue for bracelets is worth noticing, too, and it is quite correct to fasten them outside the sleeves of tailor-made coats—a custom of which, it will be seen, an example occurs in our fourth photograph.—[Photographs by C.N.]





**G**OOD-BYE, with a loud "ce," to all the silly savageries of the Jazz band! The tin-tray may go back to the kitchen once more, and the saucepan-lid can return to its natural avocation below stairs. Ululating Africans are at liberty to remove to their native continent—or the Southern States of America—and howl there to their hearts' content; and the motor-horn, the police-whistle, and the revolver have the free leave of all of us to revert to their natural functions.



ENGAGED TO MISS MADGE SAUNDERS: MR. LESLIE HENSON.

Mr. Leslie Henson is one of our most popular comedians. He is now playing in "Kissing Time," in which he appeared when the Winter Garden Theatre opened, just after he was demobilised.

Photograph by I.B.

there is less than no excuse for it. The proper place for this class of noise is the jungle—or, at best, a darkies' revivalist meeting. It is not—and no amount of propaganda about Society's Latest Craze could ever have made it—a European business. So let it go at that.

The new vogue, which dictates that the season's dances shall be unalterably decreed by a secret society of dancing-masters, appears to call for something in the nature of a Tango. It is only about ten years or so since this habit of changing the dances every year was introduced. It is, no doubt, valuable to the deserving class that instructs us in each season's new accomplishment for a consideration that is far from nominal. And harassed young persons in search of mildly titillating "copy" of a semi-social character regard it with profound gratitude. But . . .

But life was a trifle easier (wasn't it?) in the Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall when you had merely to Learn to Dance—and then you used to Go to Dances. Now you have to spend most of October and November (and nearly all next quarter's income) learning the new Elephant Glide; then you advertise for a partner warranted sound in wind and limb, and guaranteed to run for a season without being wound up; and finally you tote her round, like a golfer his clubs or a fisherman his tackle, to a number of thoroughly unsociable occasions to which you both get taken by people you don't know in houses you have never seen before.

Anyway, the Dancing Mistresses' Union and Amalgamated Society of Hesitation-Mongers have decreed that their pupils are to model themselves for the next few months on the saltatory proceedings of the Latin races as practised among the more cheerful surroundings of the sub-continent of America. It is a burden, of course; but it is at least a White Man's Burden. And the engaging spectacle of heavy-sided Anglo-Saxons swaying to the slow lilt of Spanish dance music (composed at Shepherd's Bush) is always gratifying to those malicious persons who thoroughly enjoy the gasps of fishes out of water.

The last expiring clangs of the Jazz were wafted the other evening (if "wafted" is the correct word for the movements of this class of sound) across the Savoy. It was a remarkable company, strangely enlivened by the cheering spectacle of Miss Gertie Millar at dinner, and touched with that vague feeling somewhere between patriotic enthusiasm and religious awe which affects all beholders of members of the Harmsworth family. For the Lord R—th—rm—re had passed majestically across the Gay Scene. One feels somehow that the blood-relations of the Prophet Northcliffe ought to wear green turbans or something, doesn't one?

But the really depressing feature of this particular drum (or rout) was the disconcerting prevalence of the head-dress habit. It is no use for Charming People (with undulating profiles) and Dear Little Women (with receding chins) to clap a wreath of green leaves on their scalps and hope for the best. Because not everybody can carry these things. And a really judicious attendant in that bourne from which no (female) traveller returns without powdering her nose should stand at the door and remove the wreaths from those young (and less young) things that simply cannot carry them. Because there are some profiles on which there should be no flowers—by request.

And what was one of our Younger Writers doing *à deux* in that particular *galère*? His party was very Bright and Gay, with a



THE HEROINE OF A STAGE ROMANCE: MISS MADGE SAUNDERS.

Miss Madge Saunders, whose engagement to Mr. Leslie Henson has just been announced, first met her fiancé five years ago, when they both played in "To-Night's the Night," first in New York, and then in London. They acted together in "Theodore and Co.," while Mr. Henson is now in "Kissing Time," at the Winter Garden, and Miss Saunders is on tour with "Going Up."—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

little brown lamp-shade (or crinoline) all sticky-out like; and himself was installed at the asbestos end of a large cigar. What was it all about? An anniversary, or something?



## FEATURING THE COUNTRY! A SOCIETY FILM-STAR.



### A RECRUIT TO THE MOVIES: THE HON. MRS. DENNIS WYNDHAM.

The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Wyndham is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape, and is one of the Society women who have taken up film-acting. She played the star part in "The Great Coup," and is filmed under the name of "Poppy Wyndham." Mrs. Wyndham is an expert

horsewoman, and fond of outdoor life. It will be remembered that her marriage, which took place in 1917, was a very romantic affair. She met Captain Dennis Wyndham when nursing in Lady Inchcape's hospital at 4, Seamore Place, and their wedding was a "run-away" match.

*Photographs by Miss Conpton Collier.*



# THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS

"THERE are only seven basic funny stories," said Cynicuss, hugging his knee, as we sat on the stairs of the Empress Rooms. I distinctly said *his knee*. I thought at the time that he might have been hugging something more thrilling; but the stairs have steps, and on every step of these particular stairs were partners, pair by pair, like us—only I don't suppose all those other people were discussing such profound subjects as Egyptology! "And those seven stories," continued Cynicuss seriously, "are to be read on the Pyramids."

"Are to be read, perhaps, but not by me! I can't decipher hieroglyphics! And apropos, I wish you'd typewrite your letters to me, Cynicuss, old thing. Meanwhile, give us some of those mummified *mots*."

"I could not," protested he. "I want to preserve my prestige and your palship."

I took it that he did not know those stories at all!

"But if those poor Egyptians had such a slender stock of risky tales, whatever did they do 'on Change,' during business hours, at banquets, and on the golf-links? What did they talk about?" I asked.

"They were strenuously elaborating those colossal jokes—the Pyramids, and no one knows how they did it!"

Failing spicy stories, I asked Cynicuss how he came to think of them.

"Because," he replied, "as I was about to tell you when you interrupted me, I believe the same applies to dancing. There must be seven basic steps, and all the others are variations thereof."

We had been watching the demonstrations

"I don't suppose all those people were discussing such profound subjects as Egyptology!"

of the new dances which Miss Harding had brought back in her sleeve (a metaphor, *mes amis*) from France, and was showing us that night. Fascinating dances they were, but Cynicuss and I recognised, with relief, that they were old friends in new guise, and that we could, without getting meningitis, soon stand up together for the Paso Doble. The Valse-Tango particularly pleased us; it was our good old "Hesitation" that seemed to have made up its mind!

As for to-day's Tango, the dance that never quite went out, and is tangoing strong, it has become so Anglicised and purified that neither the Pope nor the German Emperor could possibly frown at its seductive languor. You may or may not be aware of that historical fact—that the 1913 Tango was denounced by Papal Command in Rome and Imperial Command in Germany!

I for one didn't know, and I gasped when Cynicuss drawled out the information.

"As for me," he added, "I learnt the Tango in South America during a trip there."

"That was quite the natural product," I exclaimed; "then the Parisian Tango must have seemed very tame to you after the South American manner."

Cynicuss shook his head and gave a reminiscent grin. "Give me this every time," he said. "I'll tell you about my first taste of the Tango, and how it was made unforgettable. It was on one of those syrup-sweet spring nights they have over there, and I and two or three other



## TANGO-ING STRONG.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

"Let's go back to South America," said I.

"Well, I must tell you that I was a mere youngster then," said Cynicuss, with a superior smile raising his imperceptible moustache, "and that dancing-salon with the white dust and the swarthy dancers fascinated me. It was so different from Mayfair. The men were mostly short, with a waist, too small feet, too many diamonds, and too much brilliantine. The women were mostly big, blousy, and hippy, with eyes too black and lips too red. But there was one there who really was a stunner, quite Carmen, the Carmen of opera posters, with a sunny skin, bootblack-shine hair, and the eyes of an intoxicated gazelle."

"I watched that wonderful creature dance the Tango. Hypnotised, I devoured her with admiration as she swayed and balanced herself on her cheap patent shoes; and my heart almost stopped when I saw her swoon in the arms of her partner, then run away from him, then let herself be caught again, then recoil, then precipitate herself over his heart with eyes closed."

"Was that the real Tango?" I exclaimed. "No wonder the Pope—"

"I asked to be introduced," went on Cynicuss. "My one and only desire just then was to know the Tango, and dance it with her. She smiled graciously on me, rolled her eyes, bared her teeth, and, getting up without more ado, grabbed me and made me dance. Yes! she made me dance. I don't suppose I did the right steps, but I know that I seemed to anticipate every one of her movements; her mood was my mood. I clung to her, her hot palms were burning me through my black swallow-tail coat. In a sort of trance I seemed to dance my way to Nirvana. When the music stopped I stuttered my thanks for her wonderful lesson, and asked whether I could send a bouquet to her house as a small token of gratitude; but she spread her hands, shrugged her shoulders, cocked her head with an inimitable grace, and lisped as she turned on her heels, 'If you have liked it I am amply repaid.'"

"The men were mostly short, with a waist, too small feet, too many diamonds, and too much brilliantine. The women were mostly big, blousy, and hippy, with eyes too black and lips too red."

Cynicuss stopped and gazed into the past. "Did you see her again?" I asked. "No," he sighed; "neither did I ever see my gold chronometer watch and my pocket-book! 'Amplly repaid'—rather! And thus ended my first lesson!"



Tantalising position of tourists, unable to decipher hieroglyphics, watching Professor of Egyptology (who refuses to translate) enjoying one of the seven basic stories.

## ON-THE-FLOOR POSES: THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY.



1. AT HOME AT THORPE HALL: LADY BYNG, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL.
2. IN THE LIBRARY: THE HON. MRS. BIRCH (FORMERLY MISS VERA GAGE).

Lady Byng, who is the wife of the famous General, Lord Byng, is the only child of the Hon. Sir Richard Moreton, and is the author of "Barriers" and "Ann of the Marshland." The photograph was taken at Thorpe Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex.—The Hon. Mrs. Birch is a

recent bride. Before her marriage, which took place on Oct. 10, she was the Hon. Vera Gage. Her husband, Mr. Francis Lyall Birch, is the youngest son of the late Mr. John Arden Birch, and of Viscountess Barrington.—[Photographs by C. Vanlyk and Alfieri Picture Service.]



## THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GALILEE: A NEW STUDY.



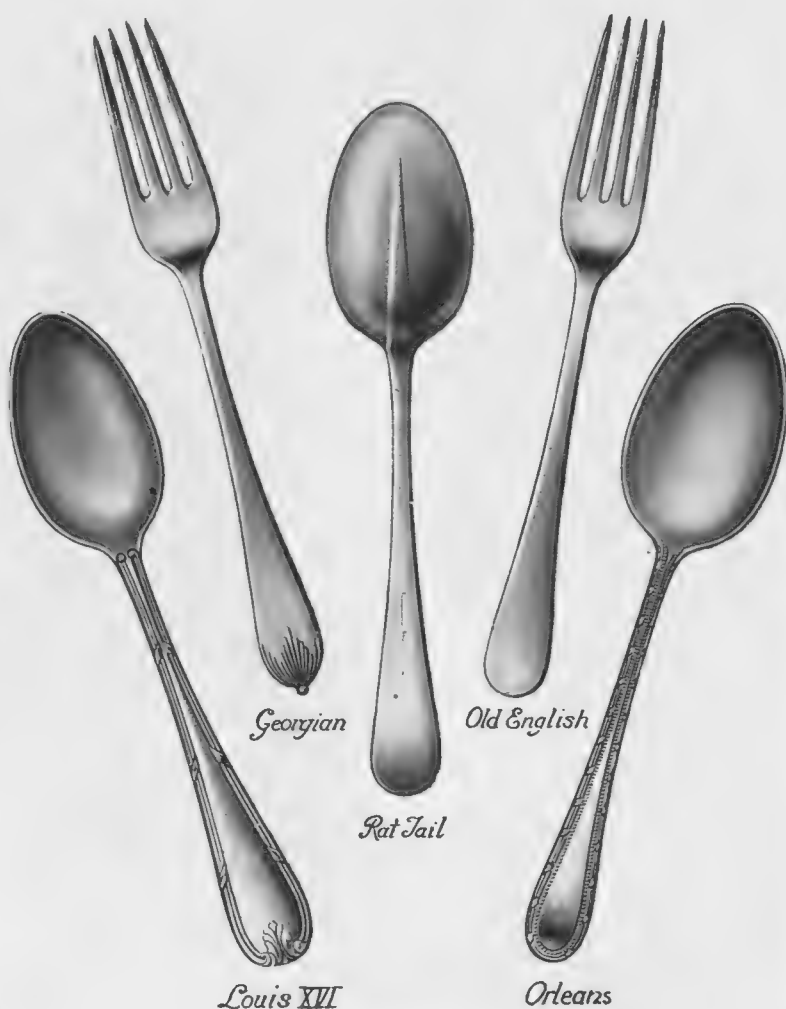
THE YOUNGER SISTER OF MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL: MRS. BERTRAM ROMILLY.

Mrs. Bertram Romilly is the wife of Colonel Romilly, D.S.O., Scots Guards, now Governor of Galilee. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Sir Henry Hozier and of Lady Blanche Hozier, and is the younger sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill.

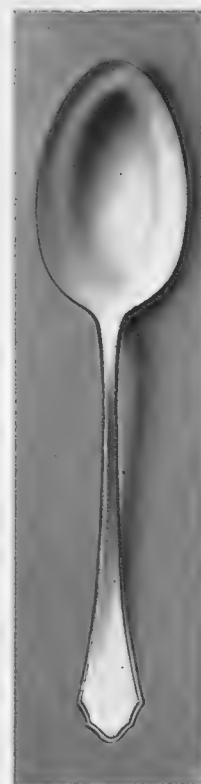
*Photograph by Vandyk.*

# PRINCE'S PLATE

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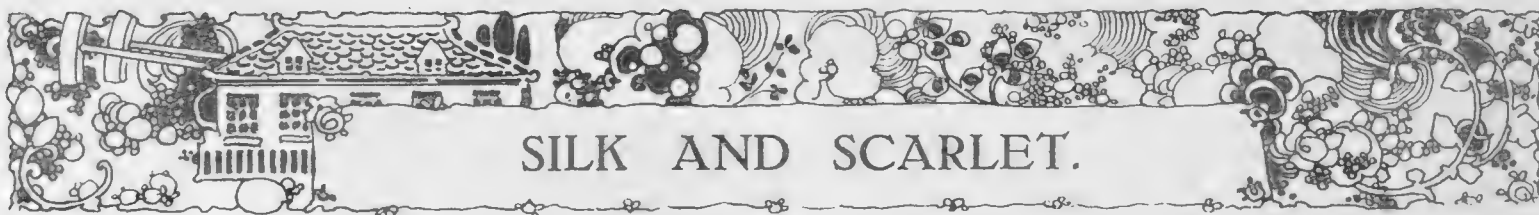
Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks are made in a variety of beautiful designs at the Company's own Sheffield Works—a guarantee of quality. Illustrations, prices, and full particulars will be sent post free.

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I AM not at all sure that Newmarket is not a pleasanter place after a big meeting than it is while one is in progress, and I expect to be fully borne out in this assertion by anyone who was at the recent Second October, and by most people who will be either at Newmarket or who are going there for the meeting which will be in progress when these notes are published. I say this advisedly, because I do not think I ever remember to have heard so many complaints about the general discomfort of things at Headquarters as I hear now. One does not refer to this matter in any "grousing" spirit, but because I think that it is as well that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should hear what the general public has to say. On Cesarewitch Day I suppose that the numbers in Tattersall's Ring totalled at least 10,000 people, and these 10,000 had to pay thirty shillings each for the privilege of being packed like sardines in a tin.

Race-cards were too few, and you were lucky indeed if you got anything either to eat or drink. There were also other things which certainly should merit the attention of the powers that be. One of these things was the presence in force of a class of persons known as "The Boys." These are the *chevaliers d'industrie* of the race-course, to keep watch and ward over whom there is a special unit called the racecourse detective. But, so far as I am told by people who came in contact with "The Boys," they had it all their own way, and were bound to do so, for the crowd was so dense that even the most expert policeman in plain clothes could not have had any chance of coping with them. One very well-known racing personality told me that he came up "agin" one of the "heads," who said very kindly, "We don't want you to-day; we are looking for someone else." That was, no doubt, very lucky for my friend, for, if they had "wanted" him, he could not have prevented their going through him, for, as he said, "I could not move hand or foot, and was so jammed in the crowd that it took me about a quarter-of-an-hour to make five yards!"

It is about time that arrangements were made for more elbow-room. Crusted conservatism is an excellent thing in its way; but

elsewhere, does not. A suggestion has been made in one of your contemporaries for the issue of day-members' tickets at Newmarket; and, although this will in some small measure ease things if it is adopted, it will not do away with the main difficulty—which is the lack of elbow-room. There is not enough space, and both Tattersall's enclosure and the stands need enlargement.

One just hates to make these notes one long "grouse," but there is another thing about which almost every trainer one has met in



THE WIFE OF AN M.F.H.: MRS. ISAAC BELL.

Mrs. Isaac Bell is the wife of the Master of the Kilkenny, Mr. Isaac Bell. Her husband, who is a nephew of the late Mr. Gordon Bennett, of America, served in the Navy "for the duration," while Mrs. Bell carried on the Hunt.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN: LADY POWERSCOURT.

Lady Powerscourt is the wife of the eighth Viscount, and before her marriage, in 1903, was Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie. She is a keen horsewoman, and has hunted with all the most prominent packs in Ireland.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

times change, and we must face the fact that we have got to change with them. People will not go on paying thirty pieces of silver per day for dire discomfort; and though the member may race in comfort—more or less—the non-member, both at Newmarket and

the Rooms has something to say, and that is the badness of the starting and the all-round incompetence of the present corps of official starters with one notable exception. The trainers say that a good deal of this is accountable to the fact that the starter has not sufficient power of punishment delegated to him. As things are at present, all that he can do is to report a jockey for misconduct or disobedience to the Stewards, and cannot punish him off his own bat. If this were not so, and if jockeys knew that there was no second court, they would pay a great deal more respect to the starter's orders. Very few jockeys are ever punished with more than a caution on a starter's report, and, as one well-known trainer said, very often they get off scot-free. If the starters had the power to stand a jockey down for the rest of the card, or for the rest of the meeting, I personally think that it would be a big step in the right direction. I merely mention these and other matters with a desire to publish constructive criticism—the only kind which, in my view, is of any real use.

Everyone at Newmarket is praying for rain, for all the gallops are hard as the high road, and, unless the man with the watering-pots has been busy before the Cambridgeshire is run, I think a good many of the candidates will go to the post short of a very necessary gallop or two, which at the moment their trainers are afraid to give them. Some of them have been sent along on the tan; but it is not the same thing, and I always have thought that it is very apt to make a horse go round.

If we have had good rain between the time when one is required to deliver these notes to your printer and when the Cambridgeshire is run—the day after you come on the market, Mr. Sketch—I should not be surprised to see a horse like Royal Bucks go very close indeed. The heavier the going the better he likes it; but on the top of the ground I do not give him much of a chance. At Newmarket, they

[Continued on page 1.]



## The Aeolian "Vocalion"

*In Period Designs.*

A BEAUTIFUL HOME, a peaceful, interesting home—that is the ambition of the home-maker of to-day. Music lends an atmosphere of wholesome joy, of restfulness, that is the very essence of the home spirit. For this reason a refined and artistic gramophone is an asset to be seriously considered.

The Aeolian "Vocalion" is such a gramophone. It offers music reproduction that is years in advance of other instruments of its type. From a musical viewpoint, it has no rival.

The Modern Trend in house furnishing being to conform with some period of the historic past, the Aeolian Company is now offering a group of exquisite Period Style "Vocalions" at moderate prices. Among these beautiful designs are models embodying the characteristics of the Gothic, Jacobean, Queen Anne, William and Mary, Chippendale, Adams, and other classic styles.

*Period "Vocalions" have all the advantages that have placed the Aeolian "Vocalion" so far in the lead. Among these are :*

The advantage of playing every standard gramophone record with greater beauty and tonal refinement than ever before.  
The advantage of the fascinating "GRADUOLA," with which you may vary the expressions of your records at will.  
The advantage of the most convenient record filing arrangement ever devised.

*You are invited to call at Aeolian Hall to inspect and play the Aeolian "Vocalion."  
If unable to call, write for Catalogue 5, which describes the Aeolian "Vocalion,"  
and illustrates many of the beautiful models now obtainable.*

### THE AEOLIAN CO., Ltd.

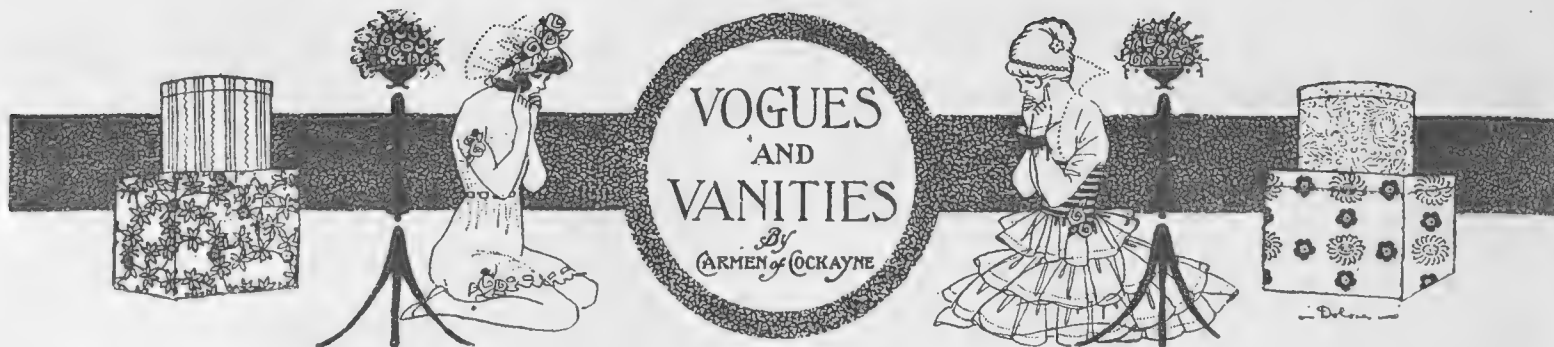
(Formerly the Orchestrelle Co.)

AEOLIAN HALL,

131-7, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.







**Beginning Early.** Youth, even extremest youth, has its sartorial triumphs no less renowned and important than those gained by its elders. They begin them early, too. Don't you be deceived by the placid infant lying in its nurse's arms apparently indifferent to the admiring glances showered upon it. Even then, if it's a girl, it's got an instinct that all's well with its appearance; and long before it reaches talking age it starts to show signs of interest in the frocks and frills that mean so much to the average woman. Indeed, the infant's wardrobe problem has swelled to such dimensions these days that one finds whole staffs of experts employed to deal with it. The biggest West End drapers have a whole department given over to the needs of babydom and little girlhood—not to mention the boys, who are quite as exacting as little sisters. More than that, there are entire shops, and quite big ones, too, where people devote themselves entirely to the designing of frocks whose inches barely run into double figures, as well as to robes measured by the yard.

#### Not a Matter of Age.

Not that an interest in frocks is limited to children of tender age—a fact which the authorities at William Rowe and Co., 105-6, New Bond Street, realised perfectly well when they planned the recent extension of their premises, where all the sartorial needs of "young ladies" and young gentlemen from the age of one minute to eighteen years—in the case of the former—are specially studied and provided for.

#### They Don't Understand.

It may be that if "grown-up" folk had a proper and sympathetic understanding of the minds of small folk, there'd be fewer storms than sometimes occur over additions to the nursery wardrobe. Why don't mammas understand the significance of the occasion when one is choosing one's very first flannel petticoat, or attach sufficient importance to the weighty business of selecting "first" knickers and vest? Goodness knows the wee things are attractive enough to command attention. If anyone is sceptical, let them look at Dolores' sketches. However, if parents and nurses don't understand,



*White silk and fur are quite permissible, even in London, provided one is young enough to wear them.*

Rowe's do, and provide all sorts of attractive toys to lighten the ordeal of "trying on," which, even when the things are of the prettiest description, is apt to strain juvenile patience to breaking point.

#### The March of Fashion.

Once upon a time—not so very many years ago, either—fussiness and frilliness were the characteristics of robes designed for smart infants. Times have changed, and fashions with them. The really chic thing at the moment—provided,

of course, you are at the lucky stage when you wear long clothes that protect you against the attentions of winter, and everyone waits on you—is a handsome cloak of soft white faille or fine

corded silk. This should have a deep cape collar, just like a grown-up person wears at the moment, and that in turn is simply edged with real Valenciennes. For extra decoration there may be a little white silk embroidery; but nothing else in the way of adornment is permissible—for the moment, at least, restraint is better than display. Very much the same thing applies to indoor robes. Gone are the tiers of frills and the elaborate panels that once appeared down the fronts of the infants' robes. One must be chic, even if one has no more than reached the monthly gown age. The way to arrive at the desired goal is the adoption of a robe of fine muslin or sheer linen lawn. An insertion of Irish crochet is permitted; there may be a few tucks to break its surface, and an edging of lace—real lace, of course—is always desirable; but all exaggeration is rigorously barred. Alternatively, there is hand-embroidered lawn, and either kind is equally correct.



*It is not only the grown-up people who have the privilege of wearing "pull-on" caps.*

#### Beauty in Lingerie.

Lingerie is an important item in the toilette of the small person—just as important as in her mother's; almost more so, since it is not infrequently visible to the eyes of a censorious world. Small petticoats and knickers of the smartest kind are apt to be reticent as regards trimming—that does not really matter: "little and good" is the motto that governs underwear designed for nursery folk; and it's only fair to add that it lives up to the principle.

#### For Walks Abroad.

The toddling age, too, has clothes especially designed to meet its requirements. A smart pelerine of black velvet with ermine accompaniments is an aid to chic that no young woman can afford to despise. By rights there should be a muff to match, and a bonnet; and if neither of the shapes sketched on this page quite meets the case, there are plenty of others to choose from, including well-tailored models in brightly coloured tweeds, which will stand any amount of wear and every sort of weather.

#### Dainty for Dancers.

Dancing is a habit formed very early these days, and here, again, the frock must be carefully suited to the occasion. The one here shown is entirely of net, with blue ribbons to tone with foundation-slip. The scheme can be varied in heaps of ways, and one is not tied to net, either—not by any means.



*Brief but beautiful, and expressed in fine white net with blue ribbon accompaniments.*



*It's just a matter of opinion which is more important—one's first knick, or the early flannel petticoat.*



*11.9 Albert : 4-Seater Model  
Stand 109, Olympia*

# The New Leader among Light Cars

Graceful in line, and of small but completely adequate power ; built with a special regard to accessibility of parts and standardised down to the smallest component ; here at last, reasonably priced, is an all-British Light Car for the Owner - Driver, the Lady Motorist, the Professional man, or for the possessor of a higher - power car requiring a fitting second.

Four-seater, Two-seater, Coupé, and Limousine bodies are fitted to a standard chassis, and equipped to the last degree of modern refinement. Nickel fittings, bright radiator, luxurious appointments and upholstery on the lines of comfort, together with the Silver Grey or Royal Blue of the coachwork, suggest the car *de luxe*. Self-starting and complete lighting set are amongst those special features which make for pride of possession.

**11.9 HP 4 CYL**

# ALBERT

*Made by Adam, Grimaldi & Co., Ltd.*

The Albert Owner will have at his command a special service organisation conceived upon new, original lines. Specially trained engineers established at service depôts throughout the country maintain a continual interest in all Albert Cars, advise Albert owners as to running and repairs, undertake periodic mechanical inspections without charge, and supply spare parts at shortest notice.

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## ON OPPORTUNITIES FOR AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THE section of the various belligerent Air Forces which seems likely to experience the greatest difficulty in finding employment for itself during the Great Peace is the Photographic Section. During the war all the various nations found their aerial photographers of the greatest value—in fact, without their photographers the various Air Forces would have lost at least half their usefulness; but in time of peace the photographers have not found much opportunity for activity. In theory, of course, there ought to be plenty for them to do in the way of mapping out the hitherto-unmapped areas of the world's surface. There is, for example, a scheme to take an aeroplane to one of the Poles and take photographs of the eternal ice—which seems a chilly and somewhat uninteresting occupation. One understands, however, that at the South Pole, at any rate, there may be some good purpose served in this way, because it is believed that the South Polar continent contains minerals of considerable value, and so it may be worth while to map the precise contour of that continent during such time as there is open water round its coast to indicate what is solid land and what is not.

**Prospects Abroad.** Apart from these Polar expeditions, it is likely to be some considerable time before any nation can spare money to make an aerial photographic survey of its uncharted territory. France is a great deal too busy reconstructing the war areas to pay for a photographic survey of her African territory; and one may reckon that it will be a good many years before the British Government feels inclined to put up the money for surveys of the unmapped portions of Africa. Likewise, one cannot see either the Australian or the Canadian Government spending some tens of thousands of pounds in mapping uninhabited territories. As a matter of fact, the United States, having made untold millions out of the war, is very much more likely to spend money in this way than any other nation for a great many years to come, so that,

Air Service have been concentrated at No. 2 Wing Headquarters at Hampton, Virginia. No. 2 Wing is the Headquarters for the Air Force on the Atlantic Coast, and, as this happens to be the most mapped portion of the United States, it is hardly likely that a beginning will be made with that part of the country.

**"Stately Homes" from the Air.** Quite a possible source of income for ex-photographers of the R.A.F., now demobilised, has, however, been suggested, though, so far

as one knows, no commercial use has been made of it as yet. That is the photographing of country houses from the air. One has seen a good many excellent photographs by the R.A.F. of "the stately homes of England," which were taken from the air. Those taken absolutely in plan view are not exactly beautiful; but they are frequently interesting from an architectural point of view, and at any rate they are valuable records of the lay-out of historical houses. Those of the kind known to war-photographers as "obliques" frequently make quite pretty pictures, and the owners of big country houses would probably be very pleased to have a whole series of such pictures taken from different sides of the house. A pleasing variant is to take the photographs at such an altitude that, besides the house itself, the gardens and park land in the immediate vicinity are shown.



BEFORE THE "WALLABY'S" START FOR ITS AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT: CAPTAIN GEORGE CAMPBELL MATTHEWS, A.F.C., THE PILOT, TALKING TO MR. H. G. HAWKER.

The Sopwith "Wallaby" aeroplane, on which Captain Matthews is endeavouring to fly from England to Australia, is closely akin to the machine used by Mr. H. G. Hawker on his attempted cross-Atlantic flight. It is, however, of stronger construction, in view of possible rough landings. Complete dual control is fitted. The mechanic-passenger is Sergeant Tom Kay, A.F.C. Captain Matthews, who is thirty-six, spent twelve years at sea as a practical navigator in the Mercantile Marine. On the outbreak of war, he joined the Australian Light Horse as a trooper. He took his pilot's certificate in February 1917. He intends to navigate his aeroplane as though it were a ship.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



SAFE AND SURE: A DEVICE FOR STARTING-UP AEROPLANE-PROPELLERS.

The device rests on two legs, and connects up to the shaft of the propeller. The initial motive force is given by a small cylinder of compressed air, about a foot long. When the tap is opened, the air forces up a piston on the top of which is a pulley-wheel over which runs a wire cord. The same effect is given as winding string round a top and spinning it.—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

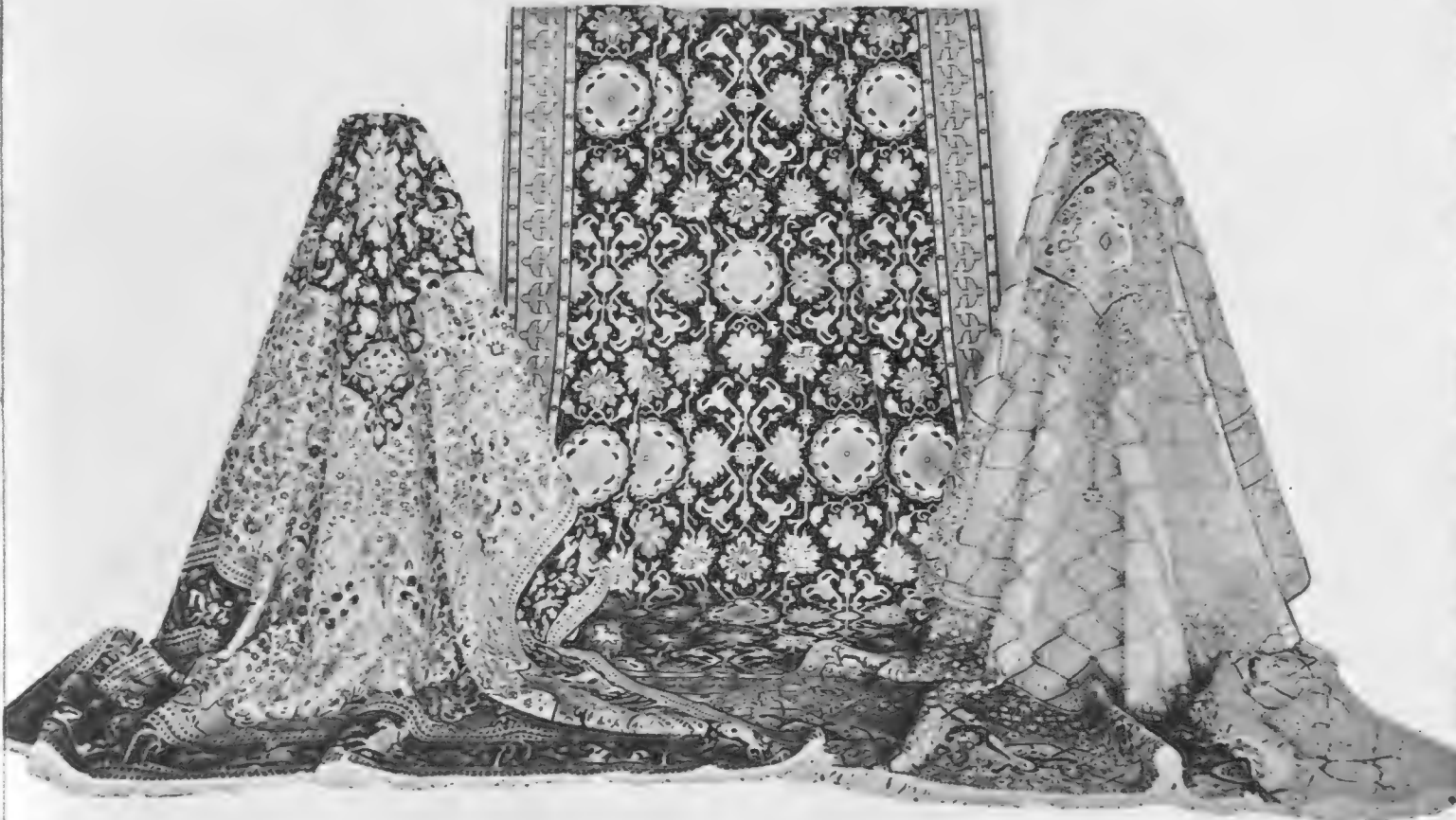
so far as map-making is concerned, the photographers are not likely to find much occupation during the present generation. Even the United States Air Service does not seem anxious to begin its photographic surveys, for one gathers from recent American communications that the bulk of the photographic sections of the United States

**Air Photographs for Estate Agents' Advertisements.** In the days of peace before the war quite a number of people seemingly made something of a living by photographing mere suburban dwellings of the "eligible villa" type, and offering the completed photograph for a few shillings to the proud tenant of the said villa. It would scarcely seem a dignified occupation for an ex-officer in his Majesty's Service to fly about the country taking photographs, and thereafter touting for orders for copies of the said photographs; but, if the scheme be placed on a business basis, it appears to have possibilities. There seems to have grown up of late a regular industry in photographing country houses which are to be offered for sale, the said photographs being used in advertisements for the sale of those houses. Probably good "obliques" of the same houses and their surroundings would find a considerable sale for this purpose. It might not be worth while for an aviator and a photographer to devote themselves entirely to such work; but it might answer for firms which are already running "joy-ride" ventures to engage an ex-R.A.F. photographer to take photographs of the important houses in the district in which the "joy-riding" operations are in progress.

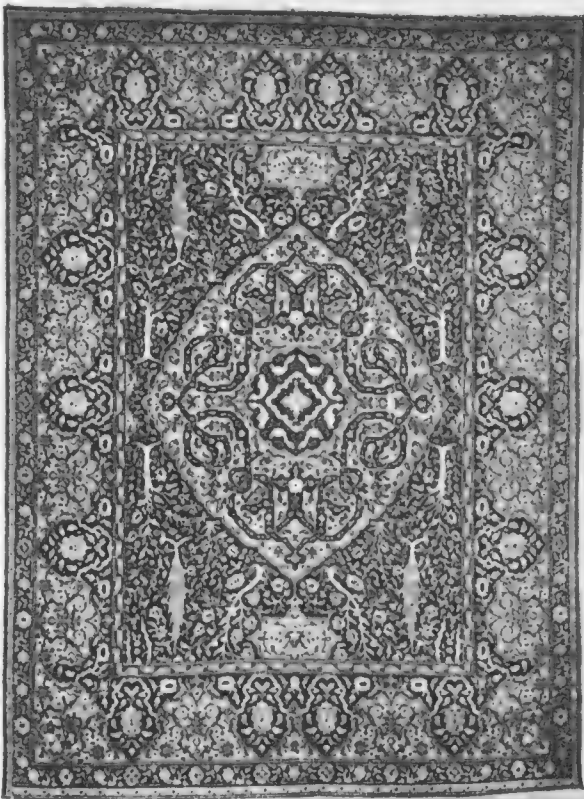
# HARRODS

## ‘ORIANGLLO’ CARPETS

*The ONLY British Carpets with that wondrous Eastern sheen*



*Harrods ‘Orianglo’ Carpets mark a new triumph of British enterprise. They reproduce with marvellous fidelity the opulence of colour, richness of design and wondrous sheen which for centuries have distinguished the loveliest Carpets of the Orient.*



*‘Orianglo’ Carpets open up new and enchanting possibilities for home-adornment; their enduring quality and their moderate cost combine to make them truly excellent investments.*

*Harrods invite you to come and see the fine display of ‘Orianglo’ Carpets; there are nearly two hundred different designs and many times that number of colour effects; and there are sizes suitable for Rooms, Corridors and Vestibules. If you live far away Harrods will send you the beautifully-illustrated Book of ‘Orianglo’ Designs free.*

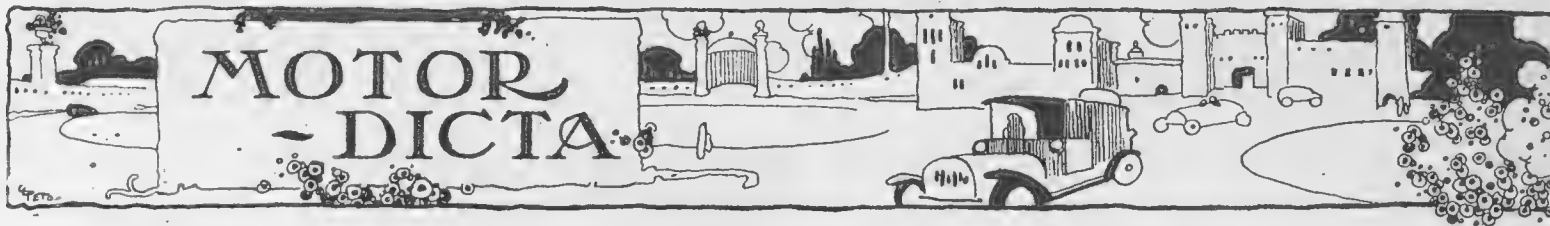
### Prices of ‘Orianglo’ Carpets

ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
9	0	by	6	9	...	16	17	6	18	0	by	11	3	...	56	5	0
12	0	"	6	9	...	22	10	0	16	6	"	13	6	...	61	17	6
15	0	"	6	9	...	28	3	6	18	0	"	13	6	...	67	10	0
10	6	"	9	0	...	26	5	0	18	0	"	15	9	...	78	15	0
13	6	"	9	0	...	33	15	0	7	6	"	4	6	...	9	7	6
12	0	"	11	3	...	37	10	0	12	0	"	4	6	...	15	0	0
15	0	"	11	3	...	46	17	6	15	0	"	4	6	...	18	15	0

# HARRODS

*Everything for the Home*





## THE MULTIPLICATION OF CYLINDERS: A GERMAN PROJECT! By GERALD BISS.

**I**N years gone by (to dig back into the archives of automobilism), consequent upon the Napier folk showing the first six-cylinder model ever exhibited, at the Crystal Palace Show of 1904, there occurred a great battle of the cylinders, both wordy and windy, with the ever-truculent "S. F." in the van of the "sixes." Then to one bright editor occurred the idea of a sort of "cylinder" symposium, and he despatched his myrmidons to the battle-front to canvass the opinions of the leaders in the automobilious world. And amongst the trophies I remember Mr. "Jack" Hutton weighing in with the suggestion, "Why not twenty-four?"—multiplying the heated four by the debated six, and throwing back to the Euclidian principle of reduction to absurdity. Then he went on to elaborate his argument—if one or two misfired or went agley, what matter they with so many in hand?

### Cylinders at the Salon.

But now where do we stand in this cold collation of cylinders, in view of the first post-war exhibition at the Paris Salon and the imminence of Olympia? True, in gay Gaul, in the midst of the models regardless and cars *de luxe*, despite francs at three dozen to the punctured Bradbury, the old business-like, unpretentious four-cylinders still held the field by sheer weight of numbers, predominating in the substantial ratio of three to one of all or any other permutation or combination of those cast-iron explosion-chambers of the wild automobile. Nevertheless, it was but 75 per cent. against 89 per cent. in 1913, at the last pre-war Salon; and the "sixes" had doubled themselves in fearful geometric progression from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent.—a great triumph in proportions. But things did not stop there, as the eight-cylinders, only a paltry 1 per cent. pre-war, had trebled their stake in the Salon to 3 per cent., of which only the De Dion and the Cadillac "eights" were familiar over here or in France before the world boiled over.

### Some New Eight-Cylinders.

Now to these must be added the Talbot-Darracq new model, a magneto-less "eight" with British blood in its veins—a veritable automobile *Belle Alliance* doubly bonded, of which we shall see and hear much this impending Olympia. Also, the Piccard-Pictet "eight," with its single-sleeve valves, Argyll fashion; and the

pea-soup screen of poisoned fog and reach the automobile harbour of Olympia.

### Where Will It All End?

And where is it all going to end—this trend to the multiplication of cylinders? Some daring maker has only got to double the Lancia's full bonnet to arrive at Mr. Hutton's erstwhile extravaganza three lustra gone by; and then will a paltry couple of dozen see us



THE CAR ON THE STAGE: TYRE-PUNCTURING TO HELP THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT.

The motor-car has long held a place in comedy, and the device of "holding up" a motor by puncturing the tyres helps the plot of "The Girl for the Boy," at the Duke of York's, to work its complicated way. Our photograph shows Harry Kilmartin (Mr. Gus McNaughton) and Parkinson (Mr. W. S. Percy) monkeying with the Stepney.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

at the end of things cylindrical, or will the spirit of competition in engineering lure us on to more and more, until a motorist will not be known by his bank account, but by the number of cylinders below his bonnet, so that, when he goes a-wooing the daughter of a Labour leader, the once horny-handed potentate will ask no questions, but simply lift the bonnet of his auto and thus assess the qualifications of each young Lochinvar? So far as I can gather, we shall differ little from Paris in cylinder proportions, though I can find trace of no one so bold as to suggest the staging of such a tubercular anachronism as a "one-lunger"; but we are promised the variation of a five-cylinder in the case of the Enfield-Allday, which will give the Gaul to think furiously. And why has no one ventured upon a nine-cylinder in elaboration of the six-cylinder principle? In the past I remember a three-cylinder of sorts; but its name has slipped the senility of my mind. Was it the Brouhot?

### No German Cars Required.

No Hun or alien enemy auto was, of course, in evidence at the Salon, or will be at Olympia. We are still patriotic enough for that; but, nevertheless, I hear of a project to market over here under the Great Auk's "Let-'em-all-come" trade policy one of the best-known German cars with a world-wide reputation before the war, and a famous record-holder—a car not unconnected behind the scenes with the fallen House of Hohenzollern itself. I know the car well, its wonderful power and many fine points; and the other evening I was shown a photograph of it with a splendid

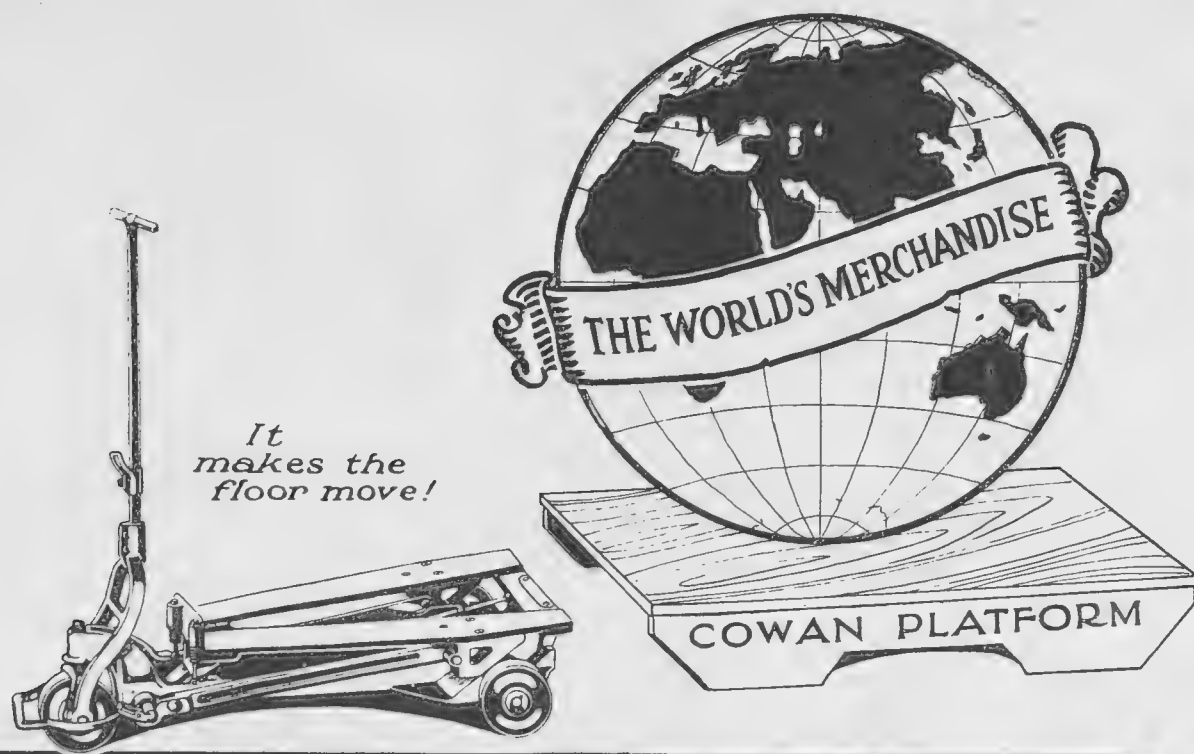
post-war body upon the latest lines, with six electric-lamps, and every possible detail of luxurious equipment. And the proposed price? £600—a paltry sum in these days of hugely inflated prices in the automobile world, and far below the pre-war cost of this big Hun machine! Can these things be, so soon—almost before our dead are cold? Personally, it leaves me stone-cold myself; and I hope public opinion will nip any such project in the bud.



A NEW NOTION FROM PARIS: A MOTOR ROAD-SWEEPER.

This new idea in road-sweepers is on view at the Paris Motor Show, and is certainly a dainty-looking little machine compared with our immense motor road-sweepers!—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

baby 8-h.p. Suère, with its eight tiny cylinders, nominally 1-h.p. to each cylinder, and withal no freak. But this is not all. I believe, though I am not prepared to swear to it through thick and thin, that there was a single "one-lunger" somewhere in the Salon; but at the other end of the stick was the twelve-cylinder Lancia, one of the prime sensations, as it is likely to be in the wilds of West Kensington amongst those who pierce the



## *Lifting and Carrying — with fewer men!*

Inefficient internal handling of goods eats up profits. Man-handling is inefficient. It is not modern. It is certainly not economical. The old-fashioned truck is as out of date as a push cart.

The COWAN Transveyor eliminates man-handling. It converts a hundred cheap wooden platforms into a hundred high-grade ball-bearing trucks. It is loaded and unloaded in six seconds—other trucks are idle 90% of their life while being loaded and unloaded.

## *The COWAN Transveyor*

The COWAN makes each truck hand equal to an expensive mechanical appliance and saves 60% at least of your trucking Costs—possibly more.

To the owner, the COWAN Transveyor means efficiency and more work with fewer men. To Managers and Foremen the COWAN Transveyor means production accelerated and an ordered system.

To the Workmen equipped with a COWAN Transveyor work ceases to be a grind. With the COWAN Transveyor one man can lift and carry two tons as fast as he can walk.

*Illustrated Catalogue proves 60% saving*

*Write to-day for illustrated Catalogue C.12.*

**J. COLLIS & SONS, Ltd.**

Head Office :

REGENT SQUARE, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1

Works : SUNBURY-ON-THAMES. Covering 7½ acres.

*Manufacturers of Box Nailers,  
Boxboard Printing Machines,  
Electro & Stereotyping Plants, &c.*



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### A Comfortable Investment.

On returning to the Hub of the Universe, after a turn North, one finds one's friends very keen about the fashions and the smart appearance we all want to put in during the coming months. I will not, therefore, offer any apology for having been whisked off into the whirlpool of dress and looks. Furs are of all things desirable; also they are of all things dear—this may be taken either or both ways. The International Fur Store, 163-5, Regent Street, have the most attractive models, the result of collaboration between the company's artist furriers and the leading Parisian designers. They are simply the most becoming, cosy, and smart garments that ever have been seen. That this world-famous establishment never wastes time or skill on inferior or in the least way defective skins is why they can

give a guarantee with every garment. Their booklet, "Elegance and Distinction in Furs," is a charming study of the very newest things, and well worth sending for by anyone contemplating an investment.

### A Satisfactory Survey.

What a survey! It just covers everything a smart, dress-loving woman wants, and it is "Harrod's Survey of Autumn Fashions." Do you want to see wraps, dresses, wool and silk coats, jumpers, hats, woolly scarves in colour, and that of the latest, there they

are to be surveyed at leisure—full description and price of each is supplied in a key to the volume. If you wish to look at underskirts and knickers, there they are to be surveyed in many styles and fabrics; this is true also of beautiful blouses, of hats, of coats, and wraps—of everything, in fact, in women's world of dress, and in the lilliput world of dress too. It is a survey over every part of the equipment of the feminine and children's forms, at all points, and to perfection.

I can imagine no more interesting study on the threshold of the seasons of late autumn and winter than Harrod's "Survey of the Fashions." This is all equally true of an additional brochure entitled "Furs." Either or both will be sent to intending purchasers.

### Nature Cajoled or Coerced.

There are lots of us within reach of help when Nature is ill-treated, and begins to show resentment by such methods as making our once glossy locks grey and dull, and dandruffy and attenuated. We can go to 92, New Bond Street, and consult Adair Ganesh experts, and cajole or coerce Nature into more amiable mood, giving us back colour, luxuriance, and gloss in our hair, and rendering it once more a glory to us. This is not all, however, for a very thorough and efficient hair treatment has been devised which can be easily followed in the home. It is at once reliable and safe, removes all dandruff, promotes growth, prevents greyness, and renders the hair youthfully and healthily bright and glossy. The price is very inconsiderable for such result, being only fifteen shillings.

(Continued overleaf.)



*Draped velvet hats are all the rage just now.*



*A sweeping mount which frames the face at one side is always becoming.*

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley  
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.



### The Beautiful Rag

To meet the many requests a reproduction of this Picture is now Published in colour 17 x 12 at 1/-.

## THEY SMELL NOT SWEET

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"WHAT'S in a name?"

The Bard of Avon perpetrated this false platitude, and qualified it by a fair one:

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

To the ordinary man, a woman is a woman, and a rose is a rose, a beautiful blameless thing, with no blight in its heart.

There are many definitions of man. The bureaucrats have but two: "Man is a gullible animal" and "Man is a taxable animal."

But the bureaucrats and rulers know that everything is in a name. So they christened their tax "Excess Profits," and chuckled over a bottle of bonded whisky.

To the ordinary man the mere name "excess" connotes all that is vile, all that is immoral, unprincipled, unholy. Visions of double—perhaps even treble—lives, of alcoholic orgies, harems and dope float before his eyes.

But the "excess profit tax" in peace time is drunken finance—Bolshevik finance. It is crippling industry, thwarting development, and blocading production. It is the cause of inflated prices. It is one of the chief causes of unemployment.

It is a Tax on Trade, a Tax on Enterprise, a Tax on Development. And a tax so high that in addition to the abnormal income tax and the present purchasing value of money it does not pay the business man to develop. No man of intelligence is going to risk the anxiety, the toil and energy and the capital on a proposition so unsolid. It is neither logical nor human.

Unemployment will continue until this tax is removed.

These notes are not written in a spirit of avarice. I can just manage to rub along without a Rolls-Royce, but it is irritating to be compelled to provide so many for the Bureaucrats.

When thirty-three officials in one Ministry alone are supplied with motor-cars at a cost to the public of £129,740 a year, how can the poor Taxpayer expect to do more than afford a Ford?

Pope and Bradley continue to supply clothes at sane prices. There is no virtue in this. If the prices were higher, the Bureaucrats would take and squander the difference. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Overcoats from £10 10s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY  
**14 OLD BOND STREET, W. @**  
**11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.**



The "LANCET" says :  
 "We recommend Wolsey garments to our readers they are excellent wares."

The "DAILY MIRROR" says :  
 "If Wolsey were chosen there would be fewer colds, rheumatic pains, and chills."

The "QUEEN" says :  
 "Wolsey Underwear is as soft at the end of a year's wear as at the beginning, with no sign of felling or thickening."

## Prices not Falling!

That you cannot expect to buy the best for the price of the less-than-best is poor comfort—but sound logic.

The best, these days, costs money and speaking generally will soon cost more.

Wolsey Wool Underwear is a case in point.

Conditions must be faced: labour costs, machinery costs, above all, the rapidly increasing cost of the raw material—costs at every stage from sheep's back to counter—high—and rising.

The price of Wolsey is therefore high, must be high, and once the present stocks (made from yarn which costs a great deal more to-day) are sold, the price must certainly go higher.

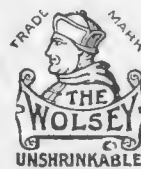
But Wolsey represents precisely the same relative value as before—it is still the best underwear obtainable—still the best value obtainable—still the underwear for those who can afford to exercise free choice.

Be advised—buy Wolsey NOW.

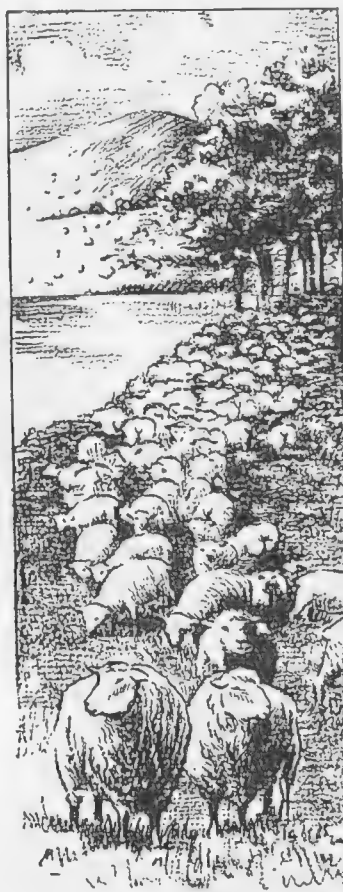
# WOLSEY

*The Best the World produces*


There's a vast choice of Wolsey for men, women and children, and every garment is guaranteed. Should any garment shrink in wash or wear, you get a new one free. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Wolsey kindly send a postcard to the manufacturers.



THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR COMPANY LEICESTER







No. V. 85. Nightgown in Ivory and Flowered Ninon, Empire style, hand-made with slots to take Saxe or Vieux Rose Ribbon at waist—neck and sleeves finished fancy stitch. Price **£6 6 0**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd.  
The Linen Hall, Regent Street,  
LONDON, W. 1.

Another Harrods Triumph




A Selection of **RANEE PEARLS** will be sent by Harrods on approval if desired

FOR all that even an expert can detect, RANEE Pearls, in wear, are real pearls, and pearls of such extraordinary charm and beauty that Nature herself might envy them. So perfect is the limpid loveliness of these RANEE Pearls, so true their natural shaping, so faithful their tone and radiance, that they defy detection even when placed alongside genuine pearls. Obtainable only from Harrods.

Ranee Necklet, with Paste clasp (Ruby, Emerald, Diamond, Sapphire, or Pearl centre) as illustrated,  
17 ins. long **£3 3 0**  
24 in. long, **£5 5s.**  
30 in. long, **£7 7s.**

**Ranee** Regd.

HARRODS LTD Fancy Jewellery Department (Ground Floor) LONDON SW1



**"OBERON" CAPS**

MADE IN

'PRO PATRIA' HOMESPUNS (Regd.)

represent the latest development of the Cap Maker's Craft. The Cloth is the famous "Pro Patria Homespuns" Regd., Hand-woven by disabled ex-Service men. Because this Cloth retains the natural grease of the wool "OBERON" Caps are practically waterproof.

Look for the double Trade Mark on the lining.

PRICE EACH **10/6**

"OBERON" Caps of "Pro Patria Homespuns" Regd. are available in several smart shapes and newest colourings. To be obtained of all first-class Hatters, Hosiers, and Outfitters, or the Address of the nearest Retailer will be sent from

The Sole Producers,  
GEO. BRETTE & CO., Ltd.  
119, Wood Street, London, E.C.2



**"ZERDINA."**

The Cap illustrated here is the sweetest little Hat you can have, made of very fine Seal Musquash; it is light, soft and comfortable. A real Ermine skin fondly clings to the left side, looking down on you with its lovely eyes, leaving its hind paws to hang loosely, with its lovely black-tipped tail bewitchingly dangling behind your ear. A strip of fur holds the Ermine skin in its place and gives an additional touch of beauty. The Cap lends charm to every face, and for loveliness it cannot be surpassed.

Price in Seal Musquash **£5**; Seal Coney **50/-**.  
Sizes: Large, Medium and Small.  
Please send for one to-day, money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

Please write for Fur Catalogue to-day.  
**N. ZERDIN & Co., Russian Furriers,**  
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Diamonds, **£15**  
Large Selection of 2-part rings.

Diamonds, with Ruby or Sapphire, **£15**

**ENGAGEMENT RINGS a Speciality.**  
The finest stock of Rings in London, comprising all the newest and most choice designs at the lowest Manufacturers' prices for Cash.



Diamonds, **£21**  
Also from **£8 to £50**

Diamonds **£35**  
In every style of setting from **£8**

Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, or Jewellery, complete with every novelty, sent free per post.

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.,**  
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**Scottish Widows Fund**

**Starting a Child in Life.**

A MOTHER is naturally anxious to give her child the best possible start in life. To do this she should begin early to set aside a sum of money yearly to produce a "nest egg" to start her son or daughter in a profession or business, or to provide a marriage portion for her daughter.

The best way of doing this is described in an interesting booklet "How to provide for the Children's Future."

The following is an example of one of several schemes available:—

**For a Child aged 2 next birthday**  
a premium of **£9 7s. 6d** per annum provides a cash sum of **£232**, payable at age 21. In the event of the child's death before that age, the premiums paid are returnable in full. Other valuable options at age 21.

Terms for other ages and amounts are given in booklet.

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS FUND**  
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**THE LARGEST BRITISH MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE**  
Funds: **22 MILLIONS.** Claims Paid: **49½ MILLIONS.**

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**Fluency In Writing**

is as important as clarity of speech. Choose, therefore, a good reliable fountain pen. One that will start instantly, write smoothly, never blot, and above all one that will suit your hand exactly.

What you need is a

**'JEWEL'**  
Safety Fountain Pen ... No. 100  
**12/6**

Should you prefer a Stylographic Pen, then you must have a

**'RECORDER'**  
**10/6**

It is fitted with gold and palladium point and gold spring needle, and is the best stylo made.

The above pens can be obtained from all Stationers and Stores, or direct from Sole Makers:

**JEWEL PEN CO., Ltd.**  
(Dept. 12),  
76, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

**MATERNITY**  
(Finlay's Patents; adjustable any size.)

From **SKIRTS 6gs. to 21/-**  
**GOWNS 14gs. to 6gs.**  
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The Lady says:  
"I have seen delightful frocks at Finlay's for Maternity Wear... very cleverly planned, being adjustable to any size."

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Babywear, Layettes, Cots, &c.

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**The Maternity House of Great Britain**

# Harrods

## Delightful New Head-dresses

Harrods choice of Trimmings, Novelties, and the thousand-and-one little things that everybody needs is beyond comparison the most attractive in the Kingdom.



**CHARMING THEATRE-CAP** (A.F. 728), of sapphire sequins, folded with oxydised tissue, Blue tulle crown and paradise osprey. Also in black and silver, black and gold, or emerald. **4 Gns**



**LOVELY HEAD-DRESS** (A.F. 727) of hand-sewn paste jewels. **4 Gns**

**DISTINCTIVE HEAD-DRESS** (A.F. 733), of swathed tulle on fine tinsel shape, with long glycerine quill caught with bands of fine diamante. In nigger or black tulle, with tomato, cherry, emerald, sapphire, or turquoise feather. **49/6**

**HARRODS AUTUMN BOOK FREE**  
**HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1**



## THE MONTE BURBERRY

A new wrap-coat of attractive design, that combines the services of a dependable Weather-proof and luxuriously warm Top-coat.

Distinguished, yet serviceable, and ensuring the highest degree of comfort in wet or wintry weather, THE MONTE harmonises perfectly with requirements of either Town or Country life.

It is made in a wide range of exclusive Burberry-proofed cloths, including Burella, Tweed, Fleece, and other warm-without-weight coatings.

The rain-resistance of THE MONTE is most efficient, yet it is perfectly self-ventilating—no rubber or other air-tight agent being used to maintain its weatherproof properties by sacrificing health.

A single button supplies the means of fastening, whilst an adjustable belt gives additional distinction and finish.

Every Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberrys."

**BURBERRYS**

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**8 and 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS ; and Agents**



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## Ess Viotto for the Hands.

A Toilet Preparation for rendering the hands soft and white. Delightfully perfumed with the essence of the Violet. A few drops rubbed well into the hands after washing make them beautiful. Add a little Ess Viotto to the warm water in the toilet basin and you will find it has a most refreshing and beneficial effect on the complexion.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,  
1/10½, 3/9 & 5/- per bottle.

**OMAR KHAYYAM PERFUME.**  
*The Scent of a Persian Garden.*  
5/6, 10/-, 20/-, 38/6 per Bottle.

Wholesale :  
**H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD.,**  
LONDON, W.3.





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"Always the best."

## MODEL MILLINERY

S 16. Distinctive reproduction of French Student's Tam (as sketch) of rich quality Black Velvet or Panné, trimmed with Flame or Black Paradise Tail. **6½ Gns**

### GLOVES.

Washable Chamois Leather Gloves, sac shape, elastic at wrist. In white or natural.

Per **9/6** Pair.

Fully Illustrated Season's Catalogue post free on application.

If you cannot make a personal call, your requirements by post will be attended to with promptitude and care by expert assistants.

**DICKINS & JONES, LTD.,** REGENT ST.,  
W. L. JONES, Managing Director. LONDON, W.1.



**When every food  
was put to the test.**

In the days of scarcity, the nutritive value of all dainties was summed up and "luxuries" forbidden. Then Bird's Custard was rightly judged to be among the important daily foods of the people. *BIRD'S* was recognised as necessary for body-building and sustenance.

When milk was scarce and dear, *BIRD'S* Custard added 25% to its nutriment.

When puddings were less palatable, *BIRD'S* made them tasty with its clean fresh flavor.

When sugar was scarce, *BIRD'S* Custard covered its absence in the fruit.

## Bird's the Pure Custard

was able to do these things by reason of its quality and purity. Remember this when you are offered a substitute.



C3226

**Pallyman's Philosophy**  
"Ah, well! Pals may come and Pals may go, but I always have my **PALL MALLS**."

ONLY a man who has "lived" tobacco, perhaps dreamt tobacco, with all its wonderful romance, could have produced "Pall Mall" Virginia Cigarettes. Blended by Mr. Louis Rothman from the finest matured South Carolina Tobacco, these super-cigarettes stand alone, supreme in their exquisite bouquet and perfect smoking qualities.

To realise just what a good cigarette should be, get an introduction to "Pall Malls" to-day.

In Tins of **20 for 1/4**  
Also in 10's, 50's and 100's.

**ROTHMAN'S  
Pall Mall  
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES**

"In the Little Grey Tins."

Of all High-class Tobacconists or direct from **L. ROTHMAN & Co.,**  
5 & 5a, Pall Mall, S.W.

Pens that please will write with ease.  
Now Perry Pens are such as these,

**Perry's  
TESTED Pens**

**The QUEEN  
MARY  
PEN**

No. 1914

Price 9d. per Box.

Made of the finest white metal. This beautiful pen has received the gracious approval of Her Majesty **QUEEN MARY.**

Perry's Tested Pens write evenly and smoothly over the roughest paper and are especially recommended for rapid work. Assorted sample boxes containing 24 Perry's "Tested" Pens to be obtained from all stationers. If out of stock send 9d. to—  
**PERRY & Co., Ltd., Old Bailey E.C.4.**



ROYAL  
EDISWAN



THE LIGHT OF  
OTHER DAYS  
WAS POOR INDEED  
IN COMPARISON WITH  
THE BRILLIANCE OF  
MODERN LAMPS

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ROYAL EDISWAN  
DRAWN WIRE  $\frac{1}{2}$  WATT TYPE LAMPS

ENGLISH EDISWAN. EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

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The Apollo  
DE LUXE  
Gramophone



No. 72.  
Horizontal Grand  
(Mahogany) £36.  
Variety of Period Styles  
to match Furniture.



is distinguished by its  
Flawless Tone,  
Reliability, Perfect  
Workmanship,  
Elegance and Variety  
of Design.

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VOGUE & VALUE



A GOWN to complete  
one's charm, happiness,  
and satisfaction of  
money well spent. A  
more moderate purse  
is met with equal  
appeal at Gooch's.

Send for a copy of our  
Autumn Catalogue.

Ladies' handsome Teagown  
in grey georgette with  
deep hemstitched fold at  
foot. A separate over-  
tunic of silk ninon, with  
exquisite rose design of  
soft colourings on self  
grey ground. Finished  
at waist with cabochon of  
flowers.

15 Gns.

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**OVERCOATS AND  
SPORTING SUITS**  
are now ready  
and are absolutely  
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Distinctive Appear-  
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A large selection of  
**OVERCOATS**  
in distinctive styles  
and colours - kept  
ready for im-  
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to order.

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Our fully illustrated  
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Officers home on leave  
or demobilised can se-  
cure a Golf and Sport-  
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sizes and colours.

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THE S.B. "AINTREE."

A perfectly balanced easy-fitting  
Coat. Distinctive in appearance, and  
thoroughly waterproof, it is a garment  
of unapproachable excellence for Town,  
Country, Travelling, and general use.

THE "HO" GOLF JACKET.

Pronounced by the Leading Golfers and  
Sportsmen to be the best Sporting Coat  
yet invented. The Expanding Pleats  
allowing the wearer complete freedom in  
any position.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.





## Harrods Millinery

An especially-charming display of Newest Millinery is now being made in Harrods Millinery Salon. Three very attractive Models are here illustrated, but nothing short of a personal visit can convey an adequate idea of the Style, Beauty and Value of the wonderful variety now on view.

EXCLUSIVE MODEL (M.I. 26) Hat of velvet or panne-velvet trimmed with tuft of ostrich feather. **4½ Gns**  
In black ... ..  
In other colours, to order ... **5 Gns**



DELIGHTFUL HAT (M.I. 27) of black panne-velvet. Lined under brim with suede cloth of any light shade. Finished in front with made ribbon-ornament in three colours, to blend with brim **4 Gns**  
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HARRODS LTD (One minute from Knightsbridge Stn.) LONDON S W 1

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THE Lanchester New Forty  
—the most interesting Car  
Olympia has to show will  
be on view on

## STAND No. 64

Write now for a copy of  
the preliminary description.



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Birmingham. Manchester. London, W.

Soft Delicate and Soothing  
as the Melodious Spinnet of Old

# Spinnet

## Smoking Mixture

A Perfect Blend  
of Choice Tobaccos  
2oz. Packets/11  
also in 1oz. & 4oz. Pkts.



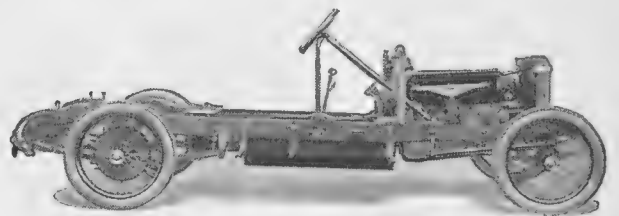
The SUPER CIGARETTE  
Spinnet Cork Tipped 20 for 1/5

R & J. HILL LTD.  
LONDON.

THE

## “Daimler Light Thirty”

embracing all the exclusive features  
of Daimler practice, provides an ideal  
car for the use of owner-drivers.



Powerful and fast, it steers easily, and the  
springs, even when the car is used without  
a passenger, secure the comfort of a floating  
suspension.



Customers can make arrangements for the  
bodywork with their family coachbuilders.



The Daimler Company, Ltd.,  
Coventry.

# The admiration of everyone



"La Naturelle" is the production of the famous French posticheur—Monsieur Georges. It differs from every other transformation, in that *detection is absolutely impossible*. When worn with a parting, it is positively natural in effect—the hair has the appearance of growing from the scalp.

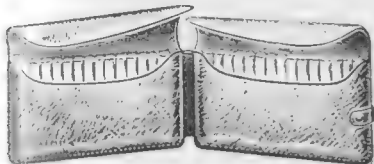
If you want a transformation which you can wear fearlessly, you *must* have "La Naturelle." An imitation would but cause you annoyance, disappointment, and further expense.

Visit our salons, and see "La Naturelle" for yourself, or send to Dept. 4 for an "appro." selection or **Catalogue de Luxe.**

Toupet from 4 Guineas.  
Full Transformation from  
12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

**Maison Georges**  
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1



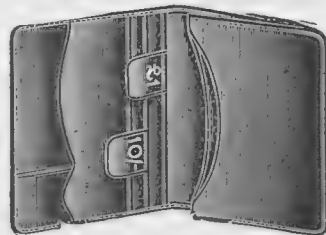
The NEW Pocket CIGARETTE  
MAGAZINE, compact and flat.

Made in 3 sizes,  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$   
REAL PIGSKIN, 10/6 11/6 12/6  
SEAL .. 13/6 14/6 15/6

Also made with three pockets, one size  
only,  $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$

PIGSKIN .. 19/6 CALF .. 22/6

**John Pound & Co.**  
**ACTUAL MAKERS**  
OF  
**FITTED DRESSING CASES,**  
**TRUNKS & BAGS,**  
AND  
**FANCY LEATHER GOODS.**



No. 2510. — Half-size **TREASURY**  
**NOTE CASE.** Pockets for CARDS,  
STAMPS, and SEASON TICKET.  
PIGSKIN or MOROCCO, .. 13/9

**POST ORDERS**

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Careful and Prompt Attention.



Lady's Brown Smooth HIDE Week-end or empty **DRESSING CASE**, with  
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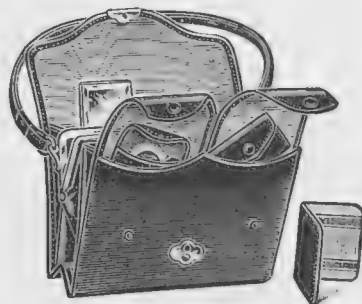
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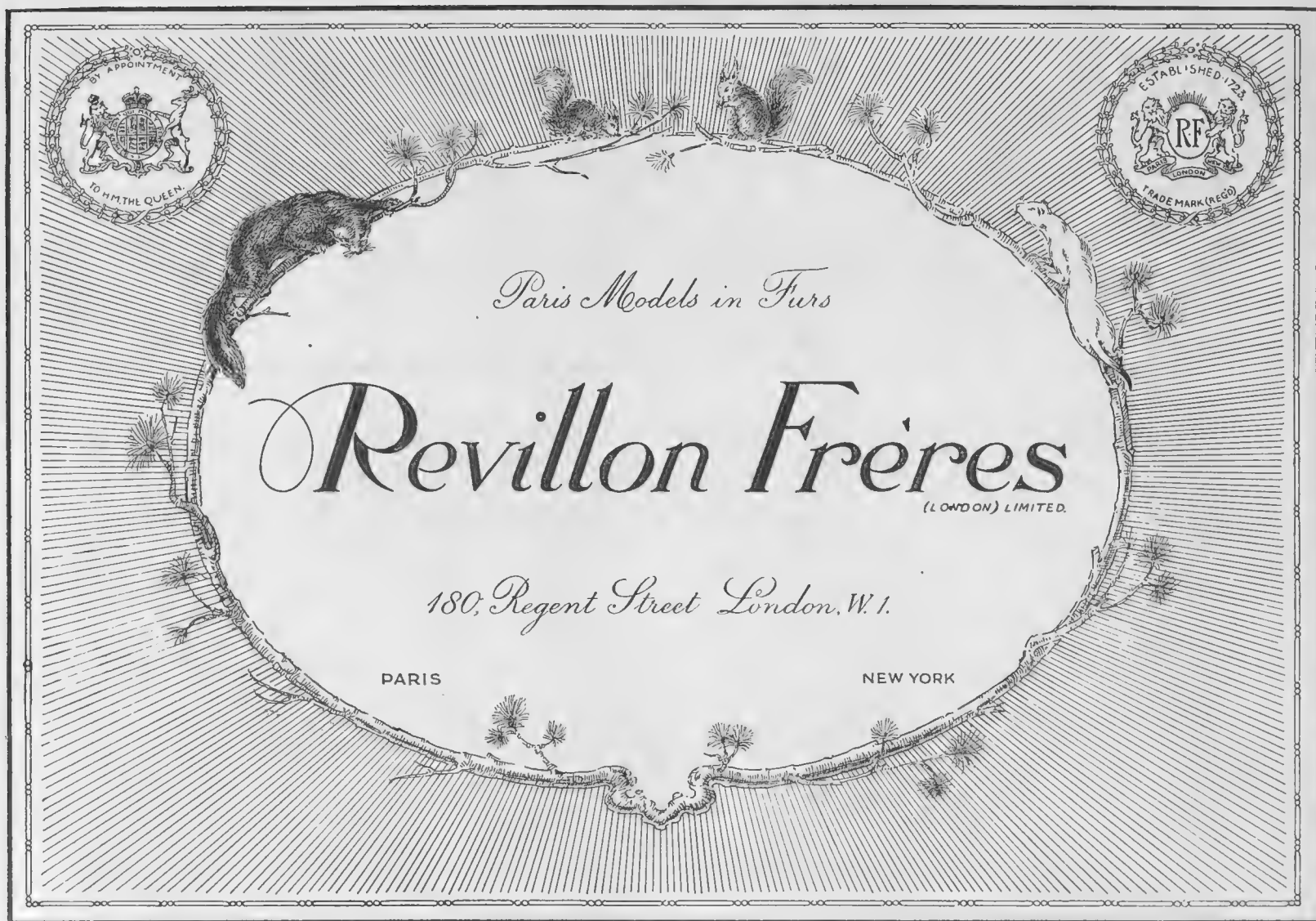


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Continued.]

**A Helping Cheque.**

Truly ours is a great and a generous community!

What was done for the British Red Cross in the emergency of war proved this to the hilt. Now that we are face to face with the emergency of peace we shall not be found wanting. There is, unfortunately, a warning that the Bolingbroke Hospital, Wandsworth Common, may have to be closed down for lack of funds. Subscriptions, donations, and legacies received by the hospital in the last few years have not been sufficient to meet the extra cost of everything, and the institution is in debt to the bank to a tune of £9000. Every help to pay this and to aid the Bolingbroke to continue its splendid work will be a real blessing to a community essentially of workers. Nearly 6000 out-patients and 600 in-patients are treated annually. The relief and comfort to these patients is incalculable. It is a good work to step in and give a helping cheque.

**Dainty and Delightful.**

The status of a woman is often judged by her "undies." Whether this be just or not, there is at present a keen craving for dainty and pretty underwear, which makes very much for refinement and comfort of the girl and woman of to-day. There is, in all this little round world of ours, no more beautifully made, more delicate, or more satisfactory underwear than



A trio of outdoor costumes showing the very latest silhouettes, and hats to suit all types.

that which comes from convents. At Caroline's, 24, New Bond Street, there is endless proof of this fact. For those who cannot make a call there, the illustrated catalogue shows many examples of these delightfully dainty things. They look too fine and ethereally worked for human fingers to have made them. The fabrics used are madapollam, cambric, nainsook, and fine longcloth. Prices are remarkably moderate—camisoles from 5s. 6d., and knickers from 6s. 9d., cambric nighties from 12s. 6d., are ample proof of this.

**Education in the Right Thing.**

There are admittedly various

styles in furs this season, any one of which, with certain up-to-date points duly observed, is quite in the mode of the moment. Dickins and Jones, the well-known firm in Regent Street, have models of furs that are a liberal education in just the right thing, and including a jumper coat of moleskin. In a beautifully produced and illustrated booklet, "Distinctive Furs, 1919-20," many of these beautiful models may be studied. The same first-rate firm also issue just now their "Autumn and Winter Book of Fashions." This is an interesting and most attractive brochure, profusely and remarkably well illustrated. It proves how styleful are the costumes, coats, hats, blouses, jumpers and coats, underwear, and all luxuries and necessities

[Continued overleaf.]

## The Toilet of the Teeth

Noticeably pretty teeth owe their beauty partly to Nature, chiefly to care. Nature gives the teeth. Care preserves them. What in this connection constitutes prettiness?—and what constitutes care? Prettiness consists in teeth that are even, sound, and pearly white. Care consists not simply in brushing the teeth with regularity but in using the right dentifrice.

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Are Absolute Reproductions of the Finest Pearls from the  
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The price alone is different.

The above is what the "Sketch" says about **Ciro Pearls**.

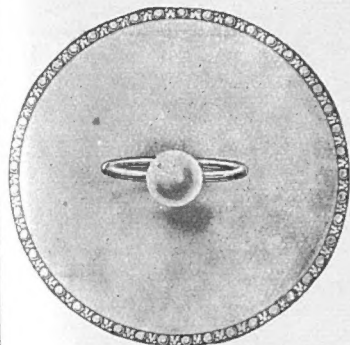


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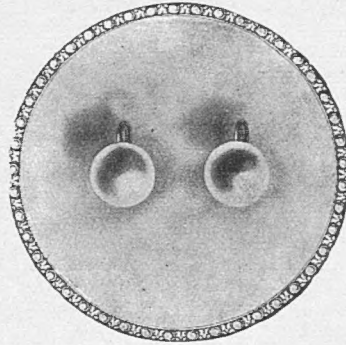
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and engravers regularly worked for the trade.  
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Chelsea; the most notable among them wa  
the Chinese Feng-Hoang, or Phoenix, the  
bird of good omen, which, like the Willow  
pattern, has survived to this day, and may  
still be purchased in the shops. A simi-  
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is a new, but surely pleasing notion!





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When war broke out, Lieutenant-Colonel Lumb, then Captain, was big-game shooting on the borders of Tibet, and, in order to rejoin his regiment before it proceeded overseas, he covered 225 miles in 7½ days, over some of the most difficult paths in the world. The whole of the distance, except the last 33 miles, when he obtained horses, was done on foot. The journey included the crossing of the Chor Hoti Pass, which has an altitude of over 18,000 feet. During the war, he served in France, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. He is a first cousin of Lord Napier and Ettrick.

clever specialist, whose treatment is on absolutely scientific lines and who takes infinite pains. If there is the smallest vitality latent in the hair-cells she wakes it up and makes it active. Usually there is such life, even when baldness has been of long standing.

*Continued.]*

for our wardrobes. Girls and children are not forgotten in it, nor are toilette sets, leather things, and accessories for the house beautiful and comfortable. These booklets will be sent free to all who desire to order from them.

#### A Friend Indeed.

"Very depressed and down on her luck, and the doctor at his wits' end." Well, happily, Mme. Clarice Louise's wits went further, for she discovered that the lady on whom the above report had been made was going bald, and could not get it off her mind, as in all other respects she was putting up a good fight against time. A friend who had greatly profited by Mme. Clarice Louise's skill as a hair-specialist took her to 193, Wymering Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.9, and in a very short time hair stopped falling out, new hair began to grow healthy and vigorous, and the lady plucked up her declining spirit and faced life and time again brightly. There are scores of men and women deeply grateful to this

#### Ease and Elegance.

There is no excuse nowadays for women taking hours to dress, because everything is made so easy for us. There was a period when encasing the figure in corsets was a work of time, and fastening the dress over tight-laced, moulded stays was another. Now corsets are supports only, and such beautiful gowns as Ecirum, 43 South Molton Street, turn out have no fastenings, or possibly one. Yet they look correct and smart at every point, and also they are most moderate in cost. While they are a boon and a blessing to women in an interesting state of health, they are universally esteemed by all of us, who like to change quickly and to look our best. It is the refreshment of a bath that we seek now-a-nights, rather than tight lacing and finicky fastenings. The ease with which a lovely Ecirum can be donned gives plenty of time for this revivifying luxury.

#### The Best of Everything.

Gooches, of Brompton Road, always reliable for style and value, have prepared for their clients, and all who desire to become so, a very attractive and illuminating booklet, with an illustration of a pretty, novel, and original costume on each page, together with its description and its price. Hats are also given ample picture space, and accurately described; so are coats and wraps, also undies, corsets, jumpers, blouses, and all accessories to the complete and satisfactory costume. Children are likewise specially catered for in this well-thought-out and charmingly produced little volume, entitled "Vogue and Value," and entirely earning its title. Gooches is a house with a fine reputation for the best of everything; apparently it is to be further enhanced this autumn.



A WORKER AT THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS DURING THE WAR: MISS MARGARET MACLAREN.

During the war, Miss Margaret MacLaren did good work in the Trench Warfare Section of the Ministry of Munitions. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Neil MacLaren, of The Old Knoll, Blackheath.

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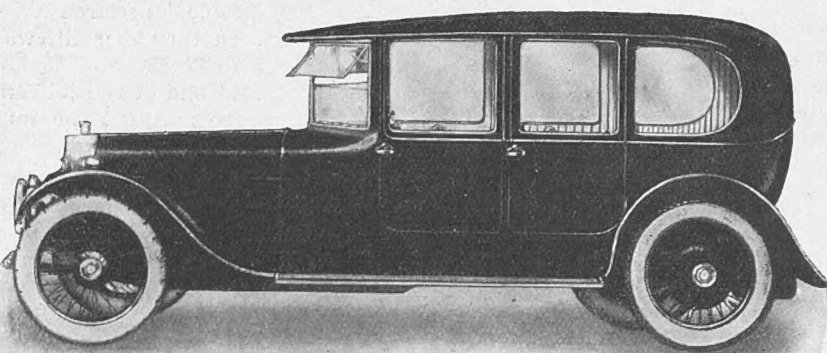
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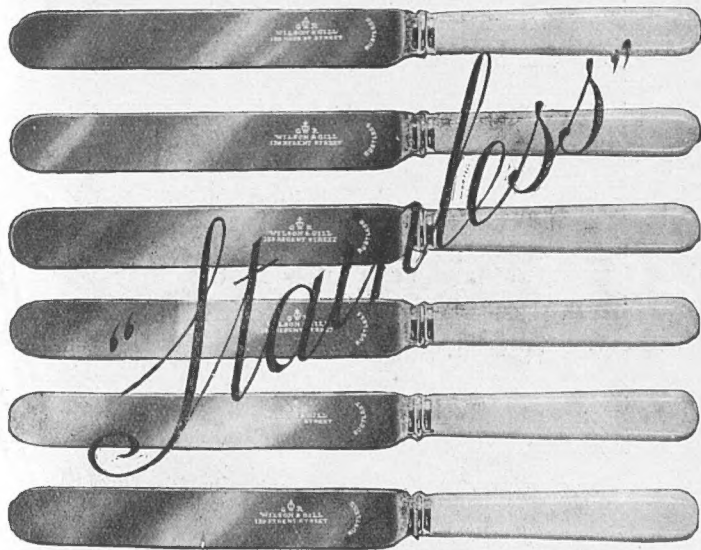
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Table Knives £1 7s. 6d. per doz. Cheese Knives £1 5s. 0d. per doz.  
Full size

Complete set of Stainless Cutlery and finest Silver-Plated Spoons, Forks, etc., for 6 persons (59 pieces) complete in Oak Case, £20.

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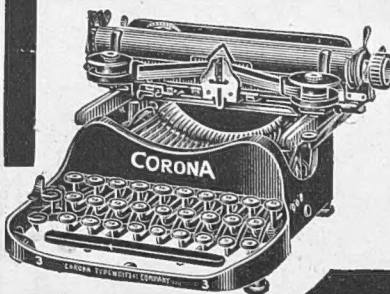
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## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## TAXATION OF WAR PROFITS.

NOWHERE was the opening of Parliament on Wednesday awaited with keener interest than in the City. The absolute necessity for drastic reductions in Government expenditure is everywhere realised; but the City is also interested in another question—namely, the so-called taxation of war-profits. The wild and unqualified demands of a section of the Press are creating a certain amount of apprehension. It is not that anybody is pleased to see the "Bloated Profiteer" escape; but the impossibility of devising a scheme which will hit the guilty only should be generally recognised.

Proposals to confiscate all increases of capital without consideration as to the methods of acquisition give direct encouragement to waste, extravagance, and inefficiency.

The working classes claim to be entitled not only to double wages to meet the increased cost of living, but to a bit more besides; and the same reasoning applies to everyone else who earns a living. All increased profits made by commercial firms have contributed about 50 per cent. in direct taxation; and any proposal to confiscate the balance because it has been saved and is being utilised to expand business would be grossly unjust—and that is what certain people are blazoning abroad as the one and only method of saving the situation. The inefficient and the extravagant are to escape because they have not; the efficient and thrifty are to be penalised for the very qualities of which the country stands most in need!

We are told that the Government are considering what can be done in the matter. We hope that the consideration will be short, and that a definite announcement of policy will be made in the shortest possible time.

## OUR STRANGER IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"I shall be kicked out one of these days for a certainty," ruminated Our Stroller, as he found himself inside the House once more. "Wonder where I am now?"

He had had the temerity to go up the steps of the front entrance to the Stock Exchange, and had passed boldly through the door on the left-hand side.

"That man must have taken lessons in voice-production," he said aloud, as he heard a tremendous noise that sounded like bidding for Rammies.

"Suppose he means Rand Mines," went on our friend. "I'll drop on to this bench and see what happens."

He had strolled, without knowing it, into the Kaffir Circus, and brokers hied them to and fro with brisk, or less brisk step, and alert aspect.

A little knot of men drifted towards the bench, and one remarked, "They've spoilt your after-lunch siesta, nowadays, Featherweight."

"All right, old man. I don't care so long as they come and buy what I've got to sell, and don't catch me out of what I don't know where to get."

"Seriously, I believe that Randfontein will go over thirty shillings," said another.

"Still more seriously, you can put them away for forty to forty-five shillings."

"And Rand Mines?"

"One of the firmest markets here. You'll never regret——"

"I stick to Modder things for my people," declared a broker. "Modders themselves are heavy, but when they're split, we shall see the price go up again."

"Modder B, they tell me to buy," said one of the jobbers.

Modder B and Government Areas are amongst the soundest propositions on the Rand. You can sleep on both and never fear a nightmare."

"What's this tip about Chartered?"

Oh, a ten-bob rise on the Report of the Commissioners who went out to Rhodesia to settle this compensation question with the Government over Southern Rhodesia."

"Believe in it?"

The others shrugged shoulders, and one man said that a big rise in Chartered was always on the cards.

"Funny thing," said another. "I've never made money out of Chartered, and I'm not going to try now, although I got the ten-shilling tip, too, and from good people. What's that Featherweight is bidding for Randfontein?"

Our Stroller got up and moved away into the Foreign Market, where there was a considerable noise over Armavirs.

"Never heard of them," soliloquised Our Stroller, who was not acquainted with Russian railway systems. "Wonder what those flags are for?"

He stood beneath the two rather faded Union Jacks, and read the Rolls of Honour underneath. One gives the list of members' names; the other the list of clerks.

"Shouldn't have believed the Stock Exchange could get so many distinctions," he said when he finished reading. "The

(Continued overleaf)

The price of most  
Cigarettes has risen  
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Pre-War Standard  
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## 'Kiamil' Egyptian Blend

100 for 12/6 50 for 6/4  
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25 for 2/10

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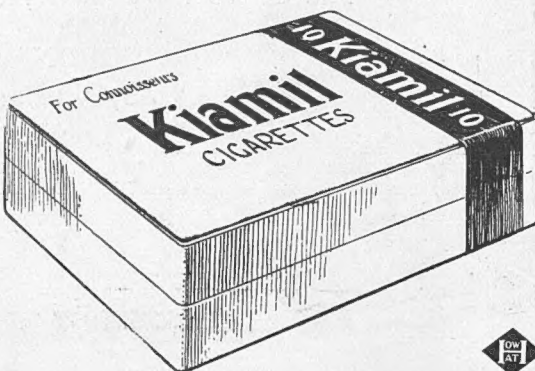
100 for 9/6 50 for 4/10  
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## OLYMPIA STAND 54

—in at the main entrance, down the opposite aisle—there you will see the crowd gathered round the car.

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